

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Alex. Graham Bell

How he got the Telephone Idea while Experimenting with a Human Ear

Winter Vacations

Why Don't Canadians take their Holidays at the Right Time?

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By What Forces it is Made and Through What Channels

Escorts

How the Governor-General is Guarded and Escorted when Paying
Visits in Canada

What Women Really Want

And Why They Want It—The Canadian Suffragettes

JANUARY

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Illustrated by Harold Thomas Dorrance.

"Then lowering her lively head, she cried passionately, 'but I wanted him so badly!'"

The Palace of Mrs. Dillon

See Page 127

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No 3

The Idea Behind the Telephone

By

Roy Fry

Most people know the telephone was invented in Canada. But what was the idea behind it? That is another matter, and one, too, with which few Canadians are familiar. In this issue the story of the invention is told—how Alexander Graham Bell conceived the "idea" while experimenting with parts of a human ear; how he conducted his early tests, at one time utilizing stone-pipe wire strung along fence-rails; how he received the first words ever conveyed over a long-distance wire; and finally how Brantford, the home of the telephone, is planning a memorial to mark the invention and honor the inventor while he still lives.

SHOULD Brantford ever desire a recommendation as a health resort, all it need do is "ring up" Alexander Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the telephone.

It was early in 1870 that young Bell, born 23 years before in Glasgow, Scotland, was brought to this country from England by his parents—to die. A pale and sickly young man, he was given only six months by the neighbors to live on the arrival of the Bell family at Tutela Heights, a beautiful hillside spot overlooking the city of Brantford, in the Province of Ontario.

The father, Alexander Melville Bell, had been a professor of elocution at London University, and on the death of two

sons from consumption, had decided to come to Canada with the remaining one, who, too, had been attacked by the disease.

In less than two years the invigorating breezes which swept the Heights had restored the patient to health and strength and sent him forth into the world to achieve great triumphs in the field of invention. And so it happens that he has since been an enthusiastic believer in the advantages which Brantford offers as a health resort.

If there be few people who know the story of the young man's battle for health, still fewer there are who are familiar with the circumstances surrounding his inven-

tion of the telephone and the early experiments in the transmission of speech.

Various centres in the United States have put forth certain contentions and advanced numerous claims to be recognized as the birthplace of the telephone, but it has remained for Dr. Bell himself to clear all doubt as to the issue by an authoritative pronouncement in which he unhesitatingly declares that not only was the invention itself conceived in Brantford, but also the first long distance transmission of speech over wire was made from that city.

Thus it is that Brantford in order to clinch its title as "The Telephone City" and perpetuate the name and fame of the inventor, is planning to honor him while he still lives by the erection of a splendid monument and the dedication of the Bell homestead property as a beautiful public park.

Under these circumstances a new interest is lent to the story of the invention.

WHAT SUGGESTED 'PHONE IDEA?

In 1871 young Bell, then only 24 years of age, was summoned to Boston by the Board of Education of that city, to make experiments in the city school for deaf-mutes, in order to ascertain whether these children could be taught to speak by means of a system of characters, known as "Visible Speech," invented by his father, and depicting the actions of the vocal organs in uttering sound. The progress which he made there was rapid, and in 1874 he found himself president of the Convention of Articulation Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb. In this capacity he soon became intensely interested in the possible utilization of two new devices, the manometric capsule and the phonos-



So it is the trees at the Bell homestead, Tutela Heights, near Brantford, where the inventor of the telephone was wont to sit in the open air recovering his health and where he is said to have pondered the telephone problem.



Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the telephone, from his latest photograph.

tograph, in the teaching of speech to the deaf.

These two instruments were founded on the mechanisms of the human ear. The manometric capsule consisted of a cavity in a piece of wood, divided into two portions by a partition of gold-beater's skin. One compartment was connected with a gas-pipe, so that it could be filled with gas, which was lighted at a burner let into one side of the capsule. The other compartment was connected with a speaking tube. Whenever a noise was made in the tube, the vibrations of the air were communicated through the membrane to the gas, and thence to the flame. The flame moved up and down just as many hundred times per second as the voice vibrated. On looking at the reflection of

the flame in a mirror, which was kept rapidly revolving, the most beautiful appearances presented themselves. Every different sound that was uttered in the tube caused the flame to assume a new aspect in the mirror.

The other instrument, the phonautograph, consisted of a speaking trumpet, closed at one end by a stretched membrane, to which was attached a light lever of wood. The membrane vibrated when a sound was made, and communicated the vibration to the wooden style. The long arm of the lever was curved to scratch a line upon a piece of smoked glass. It was found that each different sound was represented by a particular curved line upon the glass.

EXPERIMENTED WITH HUMAN EAR.

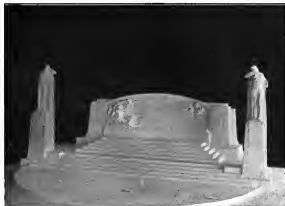
In the mind of the young inventor the likeness between these instruments, particularly between the mechanism of the phonautograph and that of the human ear, was striking, the membrane of the one being loaded by a lever of wood, and the membrane of the other by levers of bone. It appeared to him that a phonautograph modeled after the pattern of the human ear would probably produce more accurate tracings of speech-vibrations than the imperfect instrument with which he was operating. He consulted a distinguished aurist, who suggested that instead of trying to make a phonautograph modeled after the pattern of the human ear, he should attempt to use a human ear itself, taken from a dead subject, as a phonautograph. This he did, securing a specimen which consisted of a portion of the human ear containing the membrane of the tympanum with two bones attached, and a third removed, for which he substituted a style of hay attached to the incus. He

moistened the membrane with glycerine and water, and arranged a sort of speaking tube to take the place of the outer ear. When a person sang or spoke into this ear he was delighted to observe the vibration of all parts, and the style of hay vibrated with such amplitude as to enable him to obtain tracings of the vibrations on smoked glass.

Returning to Brantford to visit his parents during the summer of 1874, Mr. Bell continued his experiments with this ear, and while thus engaged conceived the idea of a speaking telephone. Gradually it took definite form. Once possessed of it, the problem which confronted him was how to move a piece of steel in the way that the air was moved by the action of the voice. The phonautograph constructed from the human ear with which he was experimenting suggested the solution. The membrane of this ear could not have been half an inch in diameter and appeared as thin as tissue paper. He was struck by the disproportion in weight between the



The Bell household at Trich Heights, Brantford, where Alexander Graham Bell, invented the telephone in 1876, while spending the summer with his father.



The Bell memorial which Brantford will bear in 1914 to mark the city as the birthplace of the telephone and perpetuate the name and fame of the inventor, Alexander Graham Bell.

membrane and the bones that were moved by it, and it occurred to him that if such a thin and delicate membrane could move bones that were, relatively to it, very massive indeed, why should not a larger and stouter membrane be able to move a piece of steel in the manner he desired? At once the conception of a membrane speaking telephone became complete in his mind, for he saw that a similar instrument to that used as a transmitter could also be employed as a receiver.

THE FIRST PRACTICAL TEST.

"To be or not to be."

In Brantford in 1876 was made the first practical test of the transmission of speech by wire.

For two years the inventor had been engaged in devising his appliances with which to bring his invention into being. The instruments were constructed at Boston, where experiments were carried on but unsatisfactorily, and in the summer of 1876 Mr. Bell again returned to his father's house to continue his tests.

When finally the instruments had been remodelled to his satisfaction, he arranged that the first long-distance test over wire should be made. The details were completed by which the wires of the Dominion Telegraph Company between Brantford and Mount Pleasant, a distance of six miles, were utilized for the purpose. The appliances were such that a transmission could be effected only in one direction, the instruments for reciprocal communication not yet having been devised.

Accordingly, Mr. Bell arranged that his uncle, David Bell, should go to the telegraph office at Brantford and between certain hours on a given day keep up a continuous stream of conversation or singing at the transmitter, while the inventor himself should take up his post at the receiver at Mount Pleasant.

Finally the hour of the test came—a critical moment in the history of the world. Bell anxiously awaited the result, on which hung honor and fame.

The verdict was not long delayed. "At the stipulated time for the commencement



Brantford called in a committee of judges of art to select the design of the Bell memorial. The experts, as shown above, voting from left to right, are: Senator Hill, New York; Sir Edmund Walker, Toronto; Mr. George Gibbons, London.

of the test," he says in relating his experience, "first I heard a cough, then a voice and then slowly but distinctly there came over the wire the words: 'to be or not to be.'"

It was to be.

Almost like a fairy tale is the story of subsequent experiments in the vicinity of the Bell homestead. Mr. Bell's father, anxious that Brantford people should "hear the thing talk," suggested that an effort be made to connect the house with the telegraph wire which ran along the main highway a half mile distant. Accordingly the young inventor secured all the stove pipe wire in the town and strung it from the road to his father's house, running the wiring along the fence tops, and thus establishing a connection. A large party of Brantfordites was then invited to Tutela Heights, as also some distinguished public men, and a delightful evening was spent by the visitors on the spacious porch and lawn, in listening to messages of speech and song, transmitted from Brantford.

WIRELESS TELEPHONES ARE COMING.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell is one of the world's most interesting characters—a man with hobbies and eccentricities. I had the pleasure of interviewing him but once some years ago. Interviewers are well aware that he invariably rises late in the

morning and works late into the night. "Come to see me almost anytime but make it late" is his customary reply to acquaintances who desire a quiet talk with him. And a charming personality he is, elderly, tall, and imposing, dignified in bearing, and scholarly in his speech, with his heart centred in the work of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and his mind drifting occasionally to his latest hobby—flying machines.

"What is the future of the telephone?" I once asked him.

"I cannot speak from direct knowledge or research," he replied promptly, "as I have not in years been connected with telephone work or companies, but I believe as I have always done that the future of the telephone is almost limitless."

"Do you consider wireless telephones a possibility?"

"Most decidedly. I believe they will come in time."

But this is merely a single side of Prof. Bell's personality. He plays and sings excellently, reads extensively even in his busy moments, and in manifold ways is a most delightful character with whom to spend a pleasant evening.

BELL MEMORIAL MOVEMENT.

The movement to perpetuate the name and fame of the inventor and to clinch

the title of Telephone City for Brantford for all time, was inaugurated in 1904 on the suggestion of W. F. Cockshutt, M.P., who was then president of the Brantford Board of Trade. Mr. Cockshutt was dispatched to Washington to secure from Dr. Bell an authoritative statement as to Brantford's claim to the invention, which he did, and shortly afterwards the Bell Memorial Association was organized.

After due consideration it was agreed that the form the memorial should take should be a monument in Brantford and a park at the Bell homestead. To carry out this scheme subscription lists were opened and approximately \$60,000 has been raised, including the lands now in the hands of the association. The total cost of the project will probably be \$65,000. The Bell homestead property has already been acquired and vested in the hands of the Brantford parks' commission, as also a suitable site for the monument in the city. The old home of the inventor will be preserved intact, and will be open to the public at all seasons of the year.

Financial aid for the undertaking has been advanced from all parts of the world. King George, who as Prince of Wales headed the patronage list, has taken an active interest in the association, as has also Lord Strathcona, who is the honorary president. On the occasion of the tour of the present King and Queen through Canada as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, they were presented at Brantford with a silver telephone, fully equipped for long distance service. Alexander McVillie Bell, the father of the inventor, making the presentation, in which the royal visitors evinced a deep interest.

UNIQUE MONUMENT TO INVENTOR.

The choosing of an appropriate design for the monument offered no little diffi-

culty to the association, in consequence of which it was decided to place the selection in the hands of an independent commission of prominent men, well qualified for the task. The members invited to serve in this capacity included Sir Edmund Walker, of Toronto, Sir George Gibbons, of London, and State Senator Hill, of New York, all of whom consented to act. Ten designs were submitted in response to the call for models of monuments to cost \$25,000. After a careful scrutiny the committee decided on the design of Sculptor W. S. Allward, of Toronto, to whom the association executive later awarded the contract for the work.

The successful design, of which an illustration is presented, has been made as wide as possible so as to express the idea of great space between the two allegorical figures representing the speaker and the listener. The dominant notes expressed are Man discovering his power to transmit sound through space as shown in three floating figures representing the three messengers of Knowledge, Joy and Sorrow, and secondly, Humanity sending and receiving messages as represented by two heroic figures at either side. A portrait in relief of Bell also appears, while on the back of the design are four pillars, on the top of each being emblems of the most important nations of the world, between which run the lines of telephone and binding the whole is the line of the earth's curvature, expressing the world-wide use of the telephone. The pedestal will be of granite and the figures of "Humanity" and the relief of Bell in standard bronze.

The formal unveiling of the monument, which will take place in the summer of 1913, will probably be made the occasion of a notable celebration in Brantford.

"Just Jane"

By

B. MacArthur

JANE did not have wistful brown eyes; nor a retreousse nose; nor small scarlet lips; nor any of the other things that heroines ought to have. She did not bewitch one with her vivacity, nor make one want to paint her and call the picture "Dusk"; nor did she give one a sense of serenity when one was in her presence. She was not very tall, nor very small, nor very blonde, nor very dark. She was just a girl—very much like hundreds of other girls, and if she had any particularly noticeable attributes, these who came in contact with her would have said it was that she was unnoticeable. She was a stenographer in a down-town office, and one of the reasons that her employer engaged her was this very same lack of attracting attention. She came and went regularly each day, took dictation in a most unassuming manner, and her employer first sighed with satisfaction and then got as used to her presence as he was to his big waste-paper basket, at which he never looked, but simply tore things up and threw them where he knew it ought to be.

Nevertheless, Jane was immaculately neat and trim, and had an air of youth which was in itself fetching. So when she married a young man very much like hundreds of other young men, nobody was much surprised. The wedding did not cause any comment whatsoever, except that Jane's employer rebelled at her leaving, and offered her an increase in salary if she would stay. Jane was pleased, but nevertheless bade them good-bye without show of emotion. As she shook hands with the youngest clerk, he whispered, "Say, if I can ever be of any use to you, let me know, will you?"

"Yes, indeed," replied she, and departed.

Jane had always had a secret longing to live in the country, and when she became engaged John offered this prospect as an added inducement to an early wedding. Those were great days, those Saturdays and Sundays when they prowled about the country together, looking for a house that would do. But there were many things to be considered—nearness to town, the train service, etc., and, above all, the rent; for John's salary was not very large, and he was in every respect situated just like hundreds of other young men. At any rate, before long Jane found herself (as so many people do) compromising by living in Suburbville and enjoying the trials and triumphs of suburban life.

She had one servant—a big, pleasant Irish creature—who did the cooking and washing. Jane did all the rest, as was right and proper. Nevertheless, there was a great deal to do. Besides all the details to be remembered and attended to each day, besides all the actual labor of the hands which falls to the lot of the tidy housewife, she did much typewriting for John, and kept his clothes in the most perfect order. When the babies began to come, she kept them in the same immaculate state of cleanliness, so far as it is possible to keep babies immaculate. She often wished for another servant, but it never occurred to her to complain because she couldn't have one. There wouldn't, to Jane's mind, have been the least sense in complaining, because she knew very well that John's salary did not include two servants.



John was at the office all day, so of course he did not realize how much Jane had to do, and how incessantly she worked. It is true that there are some women who have constitutions of iron, and who tramp about looking for dust and dirt as blithely at nine o'clock of an evening as they do when the six o'clock whistles rouses them from their slumbers. But even as Jane was not particularly tall or short, nor extraordinary in any way whatsoever, neither was she particularly strong. John was also dimly conscious of this, but, like so many other young husbands, he did not really give the matter much thought. All he knew was that things at home were less what shall we say?—attractive. The wear and tear was beginning to show: the furniture looked a little battered; the house needed paint; the lawn was somewhat ragged-looking; the children were at a gawky age; Jane—yes, Jane looked very nearly sloopy. She no longer wore neat white collars and cuffs, or pretty, plain white dresses in summer. Calico and gingham had undoubtedly taken the place of the tasteful gowns in her trim little trousseau—now long since passed away. There were fewer and fewer small surprises at supper, fewer cheery talks in the evening when the children were in bed, and there were absolutely no pleasant trips to baseball games and happy, aimless excursions on holidays. When one is dead-tired physically, one finds one has a lack of spontaneity mentally. And Jane was always very tired by supper-time. Of course John was tired, too, but, then, he was supposed to be, and therein lay all the difference. It was Jane who was supposed to take his mind off business by cheerily talking of entertaining things, but when one's mind has been taken up all day with dust-pans, scrubbing-water, and schemes for cheaper entering, one does not easily fly into high-loung language about the opera, the latest fashions from France, or even the ambitions that nearest one's heart. And Jane was ambitious—ambitious for John, just as a man's wife ought to be, and, better still, she really believed it was only a question of time when John would make his mark and set up in business for himself. She had planned a college education for the two little boys, and other good things for them all. In the meantime, however, things were taking on a some-

what monotonous appearance, and life was—well, life was almost "dingy." John himself realized it subconsciously. But he did not grumble nor complain; he simply ceased to make a point of taking the early train, and by and by he did not come home to supper at all if he did not want to. After the first few anxious times, Jane got used to it, and did not worry. "Business had detained him," he had said, and Jane did not ask for any explicit explanation. She was to have it all explained quite completely, however, later on. One evening in March she was walking through the shopping district towards the railroad station, having spent the entire day comparing prices and making her necessary purchases as cheaply as possible. As she passed a confectioner's, she happened to glance inside, and there, sitting at a small marble table beneath a ring of electric lights, sat John, chatting gaily with a well-dressed though somewhat fleshy-looking woman. Jane was almost on the point of dashing in and congratulating herself upon finding him just in time to make the train, but something chilly crept round her heart, and she simply stood and gazed at them instead. She looked at the woman's pony-coat and white gloves, at the hat with the gaily nodding plumes, at the interested, animated expression in John's face. Had she ever made him look so? A sudden memory of old times and light-heartedness came over her. She looked down at her own faded ulster, and then at the woman with John. A gust of wind blew the dust from the street into her eyes, and as she clung to her hat, she looked again. It was hard to say how old the woman was, for she was very well made up, but John's wife felt sure she was older than he, even though she might not look it. So Jane resolutely turned away and headed for the railroad station.

There is in every woman's make-up a tigress that sooner or later takes command. And now Jane's hour had come. The creature tore madly at her heart for some time after she got aboard the train, but she got it under control before she reached home, so that by the time the kiddies ran out to greet her, she had made up her mind not to say anything to John. After all, she thought, things had been dull at home. It had been almost a year

since she had planned a surprise for him at supper, for instance, and that was the way things were all thorough. She ran down to the grocery-store and bought some mushrooms—John used to love them, creamed in the chafing-dish. She got it out and dusted it off, set the table, and straightened up the room. She pulled the 6.10 stop at the station. She put the mushrooms in the pan—he would be home any minute now. Jane went to the window. She was still there when the 7.10 went past, and she was there again for every train that evening. But John did not come until the 11.28. When he came, the dinner things were all put away, of course; so he never knew what a crooked little smile Jane gave as she threw away the burned mushrooms. What is quite so dead a thing as a surprise that has not come off?

He murmured something about "detaining business," but Jane simply said: "How did you enjoy the play?"

The next night Jane was sitting by the lamp, darning socks, and knowing perfectly what was going to happen—that there would be no John until the late train. She did not sigh, nor look pensive and unhappy, nor think of better days; she simply sewed with determined, unnatural vigor. Cornelia, the old Irish woman, clumped into the room, a soiled dish-rag over her arm. She had been crying. Jane asked her what was the matter. After a series of strange sounds and sniffings, Cornelia gave vent to her feelings in a sort of wail.

"Ye poor dear—ain't right. Do something," and she fled.

After she had gone, Jane went on sewing for a while. Then, rising suddenly, she went close to the mirror and looked into its depths for a long while. What she saw was—just Jane—Jane, not very tall, not very blonde, not very young; Jane a little faded, a little thin, a little soiled, a little bitter. It was the last named that frightened her—she had despised it so in other women, and had congratulated herself that with her it would all be different. She agreed with Cornelia: she must "do something."

Spring weather had set in, and a great many people were trooping out to the just-opening amusement parks. It was at one of these that John had spent the

evening, and, after seeing the sights with the flashily-dressed lady of the confectioner's shop, he took her into the cafe for a little refreshment. He had hardly been seated long enough to glance over the bill of fare when a woman walked by him, escorted by a man whose appearance was familiar to John. She was the youngest clerk in the office of Jane's former employer, and John had always felt that Jane could have married him if she chose; so he watched his one-time rival with interest, as he guided his companion, a very well-dressed, rather middle-aged woman, to a table. As they seated themselves, she laughed gaily and looked around the room. She was made up so well that one had to look closely before being sure that she was made up at all. Her hair was delightfully Marcellised; the eyes, blackened only at the corners, looked deep and almond-shaped; the lips were scarlet and swelling. It was not until they had finished their refreshments and begun to walk towards him that John recognized Jane. He flushed to the roots of his hair, and, evening himself to his companion, walked up behind them and accosted Jane's escort.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I will see this lady home."

And he did. When they reached the station platform at Suburbville, John said in a strange voice, "For heaven's sake, Jane, let us go home, where you can wash off this paint and powder!"

And Jane replied tranquilly, "I'm so sorry you don't like it. Jim does, so I always wear it when I go out with him. But you must allow me to powder my nose."

For two months she did not sew a button on John's clothes, or darn a sock, or straighten out his bureau drawers. She engaged another servant, and she bought a variety of nice clothes, sending the bills to John. He was not a bad sport, and had a fair sense of humor, so he paid as many of them as he could. For two months Jane did not refrain from treating herself to the theatre nor to any delicacy which she might choose for the table. She had her hours of horror as to what would come of it all—and when the shocker would walk in after it was all over—but she was game and she went on, regardless of the future. Somehow, it would

have to take care of itself. John hogan coming home regularly at half after six o'clock, and one evening, when he did so, instead of finding Jane with the Marcol wave and the powdered nose, he found Jane of the faded gingham dress and the smooth, straight hair. She was sitting by the window, with the children on each side of her, and John stood still for a long while and watched her. She was talking them a story, and they had promised to go to bed, without protest, in exchange for the Prodigal Son told for the hundredth time. John listened to the old tale, too.

"Kind of hard on the one 'at was good all the time," said the elder boy thoughtfully.

Then John cleared his throat and walked in.

"Here, you kids," he said, after they had greeted him, "run away to bed now!"

"We've got new ones," announced Tim, the smaller of the two—"have you seen 'em? Ma says the old ones were too shabby."

John suffered himself to be led into the next room to view the new beds. When he came back, Jane said supper was ready, and although he tried to bring the conversation to the point he wanted it, she frustrated every effort. After supper she lit the lamp, and, seating herself beside it, picked up a basket of socks, extracted one, spread out the heel on the palm of her hand, threaded a needle, and began darning. John watched her for a while through the smoke of his pipe. He look-

ed around upon the shabby little home—something swelled in his throat. He laid down his pipe, crossed over, and sat down on the floor at Jane's feet. She went on darning.

"Jane," he began.

"Well?" asked Jane. But she did not look at him.

"Jane," he said again, and, reaching up, he drew the sock slowly away. She jabbed the needle into it, dropped her eyes to his, and John possessed himself humbly of her hands. His voice wavered, but he said clearly:

"I'm an idiot, dear, a great hulking brute and a fool. I'm not good enough to be allowed to sit here at your feet—but if you'll forgive me, I won't be such an ass again. When I think of the disappointment I've been all along—the quitting, irresponsible shirk—and how I've let you work as you have without the least appreciation from me—it makes me feel as if you never could forgive me; but, Jane, if you can—"

She had intended to forgive him, of course, but she meant to do it in an emotional, maternal sort of way, so she withdrew one hand for the purpose of patting him on the head, and saying, "Certainly," or, "Of course," and changing the subject. But when she felt the smooth dark hair beneath her palm, something gave way within her, and her arm slipped around his neck.

"I don't care what you are," she sobbed, "so long as you're mine!"

Accidents and Discoveries

By

H. Mortimer Batten

Editor's Note—A piece of moss hid the silver of Gogoganda mining camp. When it was dislodged a prospector, who was on the verge of starvation, made his fortune. There are hundreds of incidents such as that. "Accidents and Discoveries" is a collection of such incidents, made in Canada by Mr. Batten.

A GREAT many of the richest gold grounds have been located by men who, at the moment of their good fortune, were as little expecting to find gold as the old lady who was presented with the fabulous goose. Sometimes a wild animal has played the part of lucky medium, as for instance, in the case of the half-breed mountaineer, Paul des Reque, who, overtaken by sickness when alone in the Cariboo Hills, had laid himself down to die when he saw a Big Horn ram advancing along a ledge two hundred feet above his head. Steadying himself against an adjacent boulder, the half-breed lifted his rifle and fired. Down came the Big Horn, striking the ground almost at his feet, a cloud of dust and pebbles following the massive body in its descent. With prayers of thankfulness des Reque crept forward, but imagine his complete bewilderment and joy on discovering that the dust that had fallen was thickly charged with precious yellow grains!

No less extraordinary than the good fortune of the half-breed, was that which befell a young Englishman named Jim Shanahan, and his Canadian partner, Anse Cobet in the autumn of 1901, when exploring the slopes of the Rocky Mountains in the North Thompson district.

It seems that from the very outset of the trip misfortune had dogged the steps of the adventurers, though not till food and

ammunition had almost run out did they turn their faces towards the south, hoping for a better season with the traps.

But misfortune had not yet finished with the pair. On the second day of the homeward journey, Anse fell ill with a severe attack of mountain fever, and a stiff dose of peppermint tea failed to take the desired effect. That night, to add to their plight, their solitary pack horse broke his hobbles and stampeded, nor did he put in an appearance when morning came.

The remainder of the journey was one long succession of hunger and privation. It was nine days before the two men sighted their creek—a small black speck across the vast stretches of timber to the east; and in the meantime they had followed a stream, and lived almost entirely on the fish they succeeded in catching with their hands. Both were lean and gaunt and hungry-looking, resembling more closely a pair of famished gray wolves than human beings. Both were without food and without ammunition, and about on their last legs.

"Home, Anse! Home!" cried Jim, and Anse hoarsely echoed his words. It seemed that new strength suddenly possessed their limbs. For Home it was—that small black speck on the horizon! Home that meant food and warmth and comfort, and



everything that makes life worth living to the lonely frontiersman.

But what a home awaited them! As the two neared the tiny hut, they saw to their horror that a hole, large enough to admit a coyote, had been gnawed through the door. All round the threshold was a litter of splinters, that showed how diligently the jaws of the housebreaker had been at work. With a cry of consternation, Jim ran forward, anxious to ascertain the exact extent of the damage.

A scene of disaster met his gaze. Round the doorway lay an incongruous pile of household goods that had proved too large or too cumbersome to drag outside through the opening. Muddy pawmarks stained the floor, and a fusty, unpleasant odor pervaded the atmosphere. From the appearance of the place one would certainly have thought that a troop of monkeys had been amusing themselves by turning it upside down. Certainly it seemed that every wild animal in the district had marked the departure of the two men, and unanimously agreed to hold a feast in the hut by way of celebrating the event.

Jim and Anse expressed their feelings in one word, much used throughout the West. Then, heedless of the disorder, Jim set to work to find out whether any of the stores were left. In one corner stood a sack of rice which had been ripped open, and from the trail of grains that ran from the sack to the doorway it was evident that its contents had been carried away by instalments. A chunk of bacon had been dragged from the hook on which it hung, as a tuft of rind, impaled on the point of the hook, bore adequate testimony. The flour bin had been upset, and the visitors, on finding no immediate use for the flour, had proceeded to roll in it, clean their paws in it, and make merry generally. Certainly these visitors had left no stone unturned in order to produce the desired effect.

"We've someone to thank for all this," said Anse vindictively, as he opened a tin of condensed milk that Jim had unearthed.

"Just what we know who it was," said the younger man, still rummaging among the ruins.

Anse ceased in his task for a moment and sniffed the air suspiciously. Looking up Jim followed his example.

"Smells to me something like a skunk,"

observed the latter, placing a handful of rice at his partners disposal.

The Canadian shook his head. Searching round he indicated a small footprint on the ground at his feet. It was unmistakably the mark of a weaverine.

"But he hasn't done all this!" insisted Jim, gazing dependently at the mole.

"Perhaps not," muttered Anse. "Looks to me as though there's been a fair party of them at it. But he began it anyway, and it was his idea. O, you don't know him!" he went on, waxing vehement.

"He's a beast—a little beast! Creeps about all season and watches you—watches everything. Knows when you come and when you go. Sees where you set the traps, then robs them. When your back's turned he's all there, but when you come back he ain't anywhere." He sunk back with a weary sigh, and gazed sullenly at Jim, who was doing his best to prepare a meal from the unpromising materials.

"Anse," said Jim, when they had eaten what little there was, "I'm still slightly hungry. You stop here and rest, while I go round with the gun."

But this opened up a new line of enquiry. There was the old muske loader, safe and sound, but where was the ammunition? They searched the shack in silence, but nowhere could the powder flask be found. Presently the two went outside, and discovered that a distinct runway extended from the door of the hut to a blueberry clump near by. And here—under the dripping enlargement was the place that the diligent mischief-worker had seen fit to deposit the shells.

Two spoons, a knife, a fishhook, an old dog collar and several other oddments, together with the battered powder flask, lay saturated on the trodden earth. Pouring out sufficient powder for two good charges, the men dried it carefully over the stove, and this done, they were ready to start.

You stop and rest, Anse," said Jim, but Anse insisted on accompanying him. It was already dark, but there was a promise of a good moon to assist them in their hunting on which so much depended. They hoped at least to bag a gopher, though desperate with hunger, no risks would have proved too great for the men to face. They walked in silence, each too fagged to talk, but presently, as they reached the crest of a steep divide, Anse

remarked—"Moose about. We'd best make for the lake."

They turned down a narrow clearing which led towards the foot of the slope, where the lake nestled between the sheltering fir woods. In the meantime Jim dropped two heavy balls into the barrels of the old gun, on top of the charge of shot, while Anse stripped a long roll of bark from the trunk of a birch tree and fashioned a moose-call. Thus equipped, they crept stealthily towards a clump of brush that grew at the edge of the wide margin running between the water and the wood. They knew that it was along this margin that any moose or caribou that happened to be in the district were likely to appear. On such a place as this the great animals would fight their moonlight battles, arrange their love-matches, and revel in the cool splendor of the shadowy lowlands.

Notwithstanding the two crept forward, and laid themselves down on the soft carpet of moss. Everything ready, Anse placed his lips to the bark trumpet, and let forth a deep, rumbling groan, alternating and soft, like the groan of a wounded Buffalo.

The echoes came and went through the dark woods and sped away into distance through the open forest vistas. A long pause, then again the rumbling call—the call which attracts the bull moose, but for some reason known only to himself, for it resembles little the call of his mate. Then the two crouched down, listening, watching—every nerve of their bodies tense.

So much depended upon the issue of that unlovely sound. Were they successful in securing a moose, their present misery would be ended, and they would have meat enough to supply them till they had safely reached civilization.

For a time all was silent. Somewhere in the dark expanse behind, sounded the harsh, strident scream of a lynx. Presently the great round moon peeped over the rugged buttes, and the lake before them shone in its soft light like a dazzling sheet of silver. A giant rook, which lay partly submerged, looked like a giant octopus that had crept near the edge to peer round at the outer world.

"Look!" whispered Anse. "Look!" Jim looked, but he could see only the rent in the direction his partner was gaz-

ing. But as he watched, the rook began to move; the tortuous arms began to rear further out of the water, inch by inch, till at last the dark base to which they belonged became visible above the surface. And behind the arms the men saw two black projections which waved backwards and forwards, as though returning a reply to the hunter's call by semaphore. "Moose!" muttered Jim, with thrumping heart.

Again Anse lifted the trumpet to his lips, and let forth a low, querulous growl. The two black projections jerked forward and with a strange little grunt the bull came shambling out of the water, the spray sparkling like precious jewels from beneath his spreading hoofs. Without pausing to shake himself, the monster jopped straight ahead towards the brush thicket.

Slowly Jim lifted the gun. His nerves were calm and his hands were steady as with cool deliberation he sighted at the bearing flank of his quarry.

Piff! Oh, horror! The weapon had missed! Only a few feet separated the two men and the great brown avalanche of destruction. Again Jim carefully sighted and this time a deafening report responded to his touch on the trigger. But at the critical moment the bull threw back his head. There was a hollow click, and the vibrating boom of a bullet as it sped on into space. A tuft of hair flew from the bull's coat. He stopped, and with an absurd little squeal bucked into the air like a turbulent bronco, scattering the moist sand under his formidable hoofs.

"Run!" cried Anse. "Run!" Over the loose ground the two men scattered towards the nearest tree, which happened to be a slender, wind-scragged larch. Glancing round, Jim saw that the moose was standing stock still, watching them stupidly. At first the Englishman thought that the animal was badly hit, but a shout from Anse put him on his guard. The next minute two sweeping antlers cut through the air only a few inches beneath Jim's feet.

"Better not climb too high," said Anse, with grim humor. "This larch isn't licensed to carry more than one."

Certainly it was not. When the two had reached a safe distance from the ground it began to betray ominous symptoms of capsizing.

As Jim looked down at the snorting moose he was filled with contempt and disgust for his own marksmanship. The bullet had merely carried off a point of the animal's antler, producing nothing more serious than a momentary stunning effect, while the shot had stung the creature into a fury which would take some time to wear off. It seemed that another night of cold and misery lay before them, and they tightened their belts in readiness for the promised siege.

"Seems to me, Anse," quoth Jim, "that you and I are the two unluckiest men south of the Arctic Circle."

"We are having a spell of it," Anse agreed. "Guess that first shot of yours would have fixed him all right."

Jim had often thought, but now he was certain, that Anse was one of Nature's gentlemen. For a time they sat in silence, thinking of their useless rifles that lay in the hut, while the moose, red-eyed and snorting, barked chunks of trodden moss at them which he pawed up with his knife-edged hoofs.

"Anse," said Jim at last, "do you think I could reach down and lambast him with the gun?" Anse shook his head. "It ain't wise to try," he answered. "There's no telling when a moose will stand up on his hind legs and then—if he hits you! Think I'll just give another call. I can't make the matter worse, anyway."

The sound of the call increased the fury of the moose to boiling point. Pounding the earth he began to exert a challenge to the whole moose population of the north, at the same time devoting his energies to the task of clearing away the undergrowth. This went on for nearly an hour, when suddenly the moose "froze"—remained still, and stared with fixed intensity along the margin. Then, full into the moonlight, not fifty yards away, the men saw a second majestic rival for this mystical caller appear. It was a small bull, lighter in color than the first, and evidently younger. For a second the two animals glared at each other, then with a squeal like the sound of a child's tin trumpet, the newcomer blundered headlong over the rocks, towards his adversary.

For a time the two men forgot their hunger and misery as they peered through the drooping branches of the larch. Anything in the line of a fight pleased them

vastly. Often had Jim heard of the frantic battles that take place between the rivals of these great antlered cattle, but now such a combat was going on before his very eyes.

And what a fight it was! Grunting and straining the two mighty adversaries toiled in vain to outmatch each other's strength, and each might have been the mirrored reflection of the other, so simultaneous were their movements. The scintillating of dilated eyes, the black, prancing shadows of the two combatants, and the peaceful background of moonlit waters presented a picture that to the young Englishman, can never lose its vividness.

But hit by hit the dark bull was gaining ground, and the hopes of the two watchers were sinking fast, when the unexpected happened. Suddenly the light bull seemed to crumble up, and the next second the two staggered forward in a wildly struggling heap.

When they arose, it was clear to the most unobservant eye that something was out of order. Instead of being head to head as before, the two animals were now almost at a right angle from one another, their antlers locked together in a deadly embrace.

"This is where we come in," said Anse, and was about to climb down when Jim caught him by the arm.

"Look! Look!" muttered the latter, in a tense whisper. A slight movement in an adjacent thicket had attracted his notice, and a second later the men knew that a third watcher had witnessed the duel, anxious to profit thereby. A low, heavy animal, that moved with the slovenly slouch of a bear, crept out from the shadows, and with a muffled snarl approached the two helpless moose, now struggling wildly to free themselves.

"Say!" whispered Anse, "this looks like our old pard! Now if we were out on a natural history trip."

"God!" broke in Jim, enthusiastically. "If that don't beat all creation! Talk about pluck!"

Words may be adequate in describing the ordinary scenes of life, but here Jim found that they failed him.

The wolverine, however, was in no mood to gratify their expectations, and to put an end to it all by a deed of reckless bravery. He could wait; if you know the

wolverine you will understand that it is part of his business to wait; he has learnt the wisdom of it. At a slow, regular walk he proceeded to circle round the unhappy pair, in a horribly suggestive manner. Round and round he slouched, round and round, never looking up, never altering his pace, till the two frantic moose, horrified beyond endurance, staggered to the top of a large boulder of rock that slanted up from the ground.

The next instant one of the two had overstepped the edge. For a matter of ten feet they fell together, but when they reached the ground the larger bull was limp and lifeless, his neck broken. The survivor freed himself from the heavy bulk, and lifting his massive head lurched drunkenly towards the forest. But in that momentary glimpse the men saw that one of his antlers—the pride of his life, the source of his power—was missing!

Laboriously they climbed down from the larch. At last their luck had taken a turn for the better. Here was meat—fresh meat, enough and to spare, supplied them by the ordinary course of nature.

As they drew near, the wolverine looked up over the carcass of the moose, and snarled derisively. Then, seeing no better cover, he slouched sulkily into a hollow at the base of the rock.

The men lit a fire, and set to work to

apprise their ravenous hunger. It is when the stomach is full that old scores are remembered and old enmities revived, and Anse, glancing maliciously towards the cranny, recalled the scene of disorder that had greeted their return to the hut that night.

Very deliberately he got up, and taking a handful of dry leaves, he piled them up at the mouth of the little cavern. These he lighted, and holding a heavy stone in his hand stood waiting for the wolverine to appear.

He had not long to wait. A stifled snarl, a flash of impossibly savage eyes, and the animal crawled to the entrance of the cranny, more dead than alive, to be stretched quivering with one well aimed blow. Anxious to do the job thoroughly, Anse proceeded to beat the limp body into a pulp, and while thus employed it slowly dawned upon him that the stone he was holding was extraordinarily heavy for its size. That led him to examine it, and as he did so a muffled exclamation broke from his lips. The quartz was plugged with pure, free gold!

At the feet of the two men lay a fortune. It was some minutes before they could grasp the fact. Then, having no lucid explanation, they were compelled to take refuge in a commonplace.

"Ho!" said Cobet. Jim echoed it.

THE OLD NURSE.

Within the cradle of her arm

To-day I had a peep,
A tired child, secure from harm,
Therein was fast asleep.

I gazed upon her furrowed face
Set with kind eyes of grey,
And thought how in that safe embrace
Two generations lay.

But far from here they walk alone—
She saw their first, faint stir—
And wrapt in comforts of their own,
How many think of her?

Alas! the after years sometimes
In gratitude forget—
He who the star-docked mountain climbs,
May upward paths forget.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

The Affair of the Protocol

By

John Reed Scott

Author of "The Colonel of the Red Hussars," "Beatrice of Clare," "The Woman in Question," "The Imposter," etc.

THE telephone rang. I picked up the receiver and answered.

"Who is this?" came a masculine voice.

"Who is it you want?" I demanded sharply. If there is one thing that irritates me, it is to be called on the telephone and, when I answer, to be met with such a question.

"I want to know who this is?" said the voice again.

"Didn't you call me?" I shouted.

"That is just what I'm trying to find out," was the placid reply.

"Well, you want to take a fresh start," said I, and hung up the receiver.

I was a bit testy, I suppose. I'd been at the French Ambassador's until midnight, and then at the Woodworth's ball until three. It was now ten; I had just arisen. I was wanting my coffee and to be let alone.

In a moment the telephone rang again. I glared at it and went on with my dressing. It rang again, then again. I snatched up the receiver.

"Well?" said I.

"Who is this?" asked the same voice.

"The devil," I answered savagely.

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing at all. Ring off, please—the line's growing hot."

Almost immediately it rang again.

"Whom do you want?" I asked.

"Is that Mr. Carter?" came the same voice.

"It is," said I. "You could have learned it sooner if you had asked it."

"This is the State Department, Mr. Carter," he went on, ignoring my remark. "The Secretary would like to see you immediately."

"Who's talking?" I demanded.

"Graves."

"Oh, I didn't recognize your voice."

"I recognized yours."

"I suppose so," said I. "Tell the Secretary I'll be there in half an hour—just as soon as I can get a bite of breakfast."

Thirty minutes later, I walked into the anteroom, greeted Graves, and was instantly shown into the inner office.

The Secretary was standing by the window. He swung around, at my entrance, and came forward with hand extended—a nervously-quiet man, of medium size and slender, with a narrow, almost ascetic face, a tiny brown mustache just streaked with gray, and sparse hair that parted in the middle.

"I'm glad, indeed, to see you, Carter," said he. "It is fortunate you are in town. We need your help—more, even, than in the De Lorg and Camperton affairs."

"It is at your disposal," I returned.

"What can I do?"

He motioned to a chair. "Sit down and let me tell you the little I know."

"About the subject under discussion," I interposed.

He smiled, passed me a cigar, and resumed his seat at the large flat table. I took the place opposite.

"I have lost a most valuable document," he said. "It concerns, directly, Great Britain and the United States. Indirectly, it concerns Japan and Russia. If it were known to either—especially to Japan—it would precipitate international complications of the gravest nature. I should be compelled to resign, and the President to disavow my act. It is a secret understanding, whereby England and America agree to a certain unity of action in event of certain conduct by Japan or Russia. Do you want to know more of the contents?"

"No," said I. "It only increases the opportunity for leakage."

"I thought as much," he replied. "I remember your peculiarity."

"What are the facts of the loss?" I asked.

"When did you miss it, and where was it seen last?"

"It was this way," he said. "Stuart, the British First Secretary, brought the tentative draft to me about three o'clock yesterday afternoon. It had the Ambassador's notations in red ink on the margin. I was just about to start for Chevy Chase to play golf with the President, so I put it in a small portfolio, such as is used in the Department, and took it with me, intending to go around to my house and leave it there for examination that evening. As we passed the White House gates, the President's car was just emerging. He hailed me, indicated the place beside him, and I rode out with him, leaving my own motor to follow. This, of course, obliged me to take the portfolio along to Chevy Chase. There I left it with the maid at the desk, and saw him put it in the safe. When I came to leave, about half after six, the same man returned it, and I carried it to my car, which was driven directly home. I went straight to my library. There I found Mrs. Armstrong, much perturbed over a personal affair that had just arisen. We discussed the matter at some length, and ended by my accompanying her upstairs. I was almost from the room, possibly twenty minutes, when I suddenly recollected that the portfolio was lying on the desk in the library. I hurried back. It was just as I had left it. I locked it in the safe."

After dinner I had no opportunity to examine the protocol. This morning I took the portfolio from the safe and brought it with me to the office. When I opened it, the protocol was missing."

"And then?" I asked.

"I telephoned you; or, rather, I told Graves to do so."

"The portfolio?" I queried, nodding to one that lay on the table.

"Yes," he said, and pushed it across.

It was like a lawyer's bag, of leather, folding in the middle, with a compartment on either side, but with three flaps instead of one, all looking through a staple in the front, thus securely closing the sides as well as the ends. The lock itself was a small affair, with the corrugated key typical of the kind.

"There are, naturally, other portfolios in your office," said I. "May I see the keys?"

Graves, being called, produced four, all similar to the one in question, but with keys varying slightly in the notches.

"You have made a practice of using this particular portfolio?" I asked.

"I have—I carry the key on my ring."

"And it is always about you?"

"It is."

"Even when you're in evening clothes?"

He nodded.

"Where do you put the ring at night?"

"On my dressing-table."

"At what hour did you retire last night?"

"Shortly after twelve."

"How many pages were in the protocol?"

"About twenty—large sized and type-written—all in a blue back tied with tape."

"Has the Secret Service been informed?"

"No," said he; "I wanted to consult you first. I didn't know whether you desired assistance."

"I don't," said I. "I prefer to work alone unless I need them. Tell them, but don't tell them of me."

"We'll have to work quickly if we're to save anything from the enemy, so to speak; recover the protocol before it reaches the Japanese Ambassador," he continued.

"May I use your telephone?" I asked.

"You may use anything I have," said he, and passed the telephone across to me.

"Get me the Chevy Chase Club," I said to the operator.

In a moment the bell rang.

"Let me have the office. . . I want to speak to the clerk with whom the Secretary of State left a package yesterday afternoon about four."

"Who is this?"

"The Secretary of State," said I.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Secretary. I am the man, Clark; I returned the portfolio when you were about to leave, you will remember."

"I know you did," said I. "But do you recall if some one asked for it in the meanwhile?"

"Certainly, sir; your secretary, Mr. Graves. He wanted to get some papers from it."

"Thank you. Good-by." I handed back the telephone. "Did you authorize Graves to put anything in the portfolio while it was at Chevy Chase?" I inquired.

"Graves was in Baltimore yesterday. Moreover, he couldn't open the portfolio. He hasn't a key."

"Do you mind if I ask him—just formally to eliminate him?"

For answer, the Secretary pushed a button. Graves responded.

"Mr. Graves, where were you yesterday afternoon, between four and seven?" I inquired.

"In Baltimore, from four yesterday afternoon until seven this morning," Armstrong nodded in dismissal. "That's all."

"You see," said I, "the protocol was stolen yesterday at Chevy Chase."

"But they had to have a key—the portfolio is not cut," he objected.

"A key or a substitute portfolio."

"This portfolio is the one I carried yesterday."

"You are sure?" I inquired.

"Perfectly sure."

"Then, they have a duplicate key."

"But how did they obtain it?"

"You said you were in the habit of leaving it on your dressing-table at night. They could have obtained an impression then."

"Which is assuming that one of my servants is guilty."

"Is there a Japanese among them?"

"Not to my knowledge."

I was silent.

"Maybe they obtained a duplicate key at the factory," he said. "Or why did they bother with a key? Why didn't they steal the portfolio and all its contents?"

"For a number of reasons, two of which are the time and the portfolio itself. As they did not take the portfolio, you wouldn't be aware of your loss for some hours; and, besides, a portfolio is cumbersome to carry and likely to attract attention. However, we're not required to argue that proposition—they didn't take the portfolio, but they did loot it. The thing, now, is to find the loot."

"And to find it—quick," said the Secretary irritably, "before it passes into the Japanese Ambassador's hands."

"They have had about eighteen hours' start," I observed; "and the time necessary to go from Chevy Chase to the Japanese Embassy in a street-car isn't over half an hour—ten minutes, if 'Graves' went in a motor."

"I know, I know," he said, with a despairing gesture. "I fear we are too late."

"It is never too late to make a try," I answered. "Has the British Ambassador been advised of the loss?"

There was a knock on the door, and the messenger entered with a card. The Secretary glanced at it and nodded.

"The Ambassador is here now," he said.

"Good morning, Lord Brogham. It was good of you to come at once. You know Mr. Carter, of course."

If His Excellency was surprised to see me there, he did not show it.

"This is our second meeting to-day," he laughed, as we shook hands. "The first was at the Woodworths' ball this morning."

"I've got bad news, my lord," said Armstrong, without any preliminary. "The draft of the protocol has been stolen."

The Ambassador was in the act of lighting a cigar, and he paused with the match between his fingers, while a look of amazed concern overclouded his face.

"You mean the draft with my notation on it?" he asked, with something of a gasp.

The Secretary nodded.

"Stolen?"

The Secretary nodded again. "Yes, stolen," he said.

"My God! Do you appreciate what it means?"

"I do. It means the end of my career, for one thing."

"And it means my disgrace and retirement," said the Ambassador—"not to speak of the fearful international complications—perhaps war—that will ensue. When was it stolen?"

"At Chevy Chase, yesterday afternoon," Armstrong answered.

"At Chevy Chase?" Brogham ejaculated. "How in God's name did it get there?"

"I was carrying it home to examine," the Secretary explained. "On the way, the President overtook me and bore me off to play golf; and he told him the circumstances in detail."

The Ambassador listened, a frown on his face. He kept pulling at his chin with his long, thin fingers.

"You have put your Secret Service at work?" he asked.

"Not yet. I wanted, first, to consult with Mr. Carter. He is our particular agent in delicate matters—matters which don't go on record."

The other's eyes turned toward me.

"I thought you were only a gentleman of leisure," he smiled.

"I am—at times," said I.

"At all times," amended the Secretary. "He never accepts compensation; he does it for the pleasure of solving the problems—and he does it well, as the Department has cause to know."

"I am sure I wish him quick success this time," the Ambassador replied. "Evans will help you, Mr. Carter."

Evans was the British secret agent, and a very fair one, I knew.

"With your Excellency's permission," said I, "I prefer to work alone."

"Two heads are better than one," he cautioned.

"And two persons are twice as many as one," I remarked.

"But, my dear sir, he must be told. British interests are quite as deeply involved as American."

"By all means, tell him everything—except of me. I remain unknown. . . . There is no other information you can give me, Mr. Secretary?"

"Nothing; you have all that I know—plus much that I don't know," said Armstrong.

"Then I'll get to work," I answered, and left them.

I walked up Seventeenth Street to the Metropolitan Club.

"I'm not in, if any one wants me," I said to the doorman, and went back to the telephone. "Get the Japanese Embassy," I said to the operator, and passed into a booth. In a moment, my caller rang.

"I want to speak to Mr. Aorti," I said (I knew he was not in town).

"Mr. Aorti is not here; he is in New York," was the answer in broken English and a Japanese accent. "Who is that?"

"This is the Metropolitan Club. Is the Marquis Tanaka in?"

"No, sir."

"When do you expect him in?"

"I don't know. Maybe to-night. Wait a minute."

Presently another voice asked:

"Who is this, please?"

"Mr. Carter, at the Metropolitan Club."

"How do you do, Mr. Carter? I'm Wan, the Second Secretary. The Ambassador is at Old Point. He'll be back tomorrow. Anything I can do, sir?"

"No, nothing, thank you. It can wait until the Marquis returns. Good-by."

This was more luck than I had dared to expect. It gave me the rest of the day and the entire night to recover the protocol. For I had acquired the Japanese Embassy of all complicity in the theft. The thief was an American—one who could successfully personate Graves in voice and appearance, and who was a member of the Chevy Chase Club besides. It was inconceivable that Japan had ventured to try to bribe him. Therefore, he was acting solely on his own initiative, knowing that Japan would jump at the chance to purchase the protocol.

I went up to the library, where it was quiet and I would not be disturbed, and, with a copy of the Chevy Chase year-book in my hands, settled back to study the list of members. I was looking for one who resembled Graves sufficiently to deceive the clerk and the locker-room attendants. If he chanced, also, to be hard-pushed financially, I had a strong lead to the right man—for, with the Japanese eliminated, there could be but one motive for the crime; money; and but one inducement, under all the circumstances; a pressing need.

I did not know all the seven hundred and fifty members, but I was familiar with those who were the habitués, and among them, if my theory were correct, I knew that I must find my man. I ran over the list slowly, name by name, mentally checking them off, until, half-way through the N's, I came upon "Norcross, George Alfred." And the "Something Which Tells" told me that I need go no farther.

Here was one who bore a striking resemblance to Graves, when his hat was pulled down over his eyes. Moreover, he was notoriously in need of cash—he had been posted repeatedly in the last year, and was known to have obligations in every bank that would accept them. He had been hard hit in some mining speculation, it was generally understood.

I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past noon. It was not likely he was still there, but it was worth the try. He was a bachelor, with apartments in the Seneca—only two blocks away. I walked around. Luck favored me. He was in, the girl said, and I should go right up.

"Norcross, you're up in the mining business," I began, the salutations over, "and I want to ask what you know about the Pueblo. Is there anything in it?"

"I'm a poor one to ask," Norcross returned. "I thought I knew something about mines, but was mistaken—I don't and I never did."

"You've been paying for your instruction—like the rest of us," said I, laughing. "Hence you're competent."

"If competence is based on the money one's experience has cost him, I'm ——— competent," was the answer.

"Just so," said I.

I had been studying the man. He had the same cast of countenance as Graves, the same mustache, the same color of hair, the same build, and the same manner of speech. The eyes and their expression were what changed his face. Let them be concealed, and the resemblance was striking.

"Where's your Pueblo?" said he. "I don't recall it."

I ventured a long shot.

"It is in Japan," said I.

And the shot went home—went home so true, indeed, that the cigarette dropped

from his fingers and he grew white. Truly, he was a novice in crime.

"What's up, Norcross?" I asked. "Going to faint?"

"No, no; just a bit of heart trouble. I'm all right now. You said the Pueblo is in Japan. Well, I don't know it. There's been quite enough in this hemisphere to occupy me. They're all rotten, or controlled by rotten men. Let them alone, Carter, let them alone."

"I will," said I. "Let's talk of something else. Have you heard the latest gossip? It's not generally known."

"No, tell me about it," he replied. "Have a cigarette."

"I always smoke my own—if you don't mind," I answered, taking out my case.

"Suit yourself—only get on with the gossip."

I slipped one hand in my pocket and leaned back.

"It seems," said I, "that the Secretary of State has lost a most important paper, in a most mysterious way. It is rumored," I went on, not seeming to notice the start he gave, "that it is a particularly precious document—so precious, indeed, that if it were to come into the hands of a certain Embassy, it would be almost sure to lead to war."

"This is most interesting," gasped Norcross. "When did the Secretary first miss it?"

"This morning," said I, looking at him usually, "when he came to his office."

"Scarcely three hours ago—and already known in the clubs!" he laughed suspiciously.

"No, not known in the clubs. Known only to you and to me and to one other."

He glanced furtively at me. I was looking at the table.

"You see, the Secretary discovered his loss this morning," I said, "but the theft occurred yesterday, in the late afternoon, at Chevy Chase."

"How could a State paper be stolen at Chevy Chase?" he scoffed, though I felt him wince with every word.

"Quite easily—the Secretary had taken it there."

"How does he know it was stolen there, if he didn't miss it until this morning?"

"He doesn't know. He only surmises."

"Surmises won't catch the thief," he retorted.

"You're right," I said. "Surmises won't catch the thief, but they may lead to him. In this case, Norcross, they have led to you."

"What?" he cried. "To me? You are pleased to jest, Mr. Carter."

"Unfortunately, I do not jest, and I'll trouble you to keep your hands above the table," said I, covering him with my revolver. "That is better."

"My God, Carter, are you crazy?" he exclaimed.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Shall I tell you how you did it, Mr. Norcross?" I asked. "You're not a thief at heart—you did this on the spur of the moment, and debts are pressing hard."

You were in the big room at Chevy Chase when the Secretary of State came in. You saw the portfolio. Something told you it contained valuable papers—a draft of a secret treaty, maybe. You saw him deposit it at the office, and pass on to the locker-room. Debt and the devil tempted you. You were aware of your resemblance to Graves. When the Secretary had gone out on the links, you went to the locker-room, and, as Graves, got the key to the portfolio. You returned to the office, with your hat pulled down over your face, and still personating Graves, had the clerk give you the portfolio. You abstracted the draft of the protocol, unlocked the portfolio, redelivered it to the clerk, and then went back to the Secretary's locker and replaced his keys. Fortunately for us, the Japanese Ambassador is away from

Washington, and, with a document of such gravity and intrinsic worth, you preferred to negotiate with him alone. Otherwise, you would not have the papers in your possession still."

Norcross was a child in crime. For an instant, his eyes sought the drawer beside him. It told me what I wanted to know.

I got up, passed quickly around the table, and flung open the drawer. The lost protocol was found. I took it, assured myself that the sheets were intact, and put it in my pocket.

"I wish you good-day, Mr. Norcross," I said, and went out, leaving him staring after me, speechless.

The Secretary was just going out to luncheon as I entered his office.

"Hello!" he said. "What now?"

For answer, I handed him the protocol.

"Carter, you're a wonder!" he cried.

"I was fortunate in not having far to go—and in finding the person at home," I answered.

"And the Japanese Ambassador?"

"Knows nothing—he isn't even in town."

He looked at me questioningly. I bowed.

"I prefer not to disclose from whom I took it," I said. "This is his first theft. I am persuaded it will be his last."

The Secretary nodded, locked the portfolio in the safe, and we went out together.

That afternoon, the evening papers contained the news that George Alfred Norcross had committed suicide.





Westminster Bridge, London, England, under test load of the crowd returning from King Edward's funeral.

The Bridge and the Bridge Builder

By
Henry Rowntree

Illustrated with Photographs by R. E. W. Hagerty, B.A. Sc.

Bridge builders have played a large part in the history of the world. Whether in peace or war bridges have ever been strategic points, either as channels of commerce or as mediums of invasion. The history of "Bridges and Bridge-Builders" is therefore replete with features of interest, as will be readily understood on reading the article herewith presented, in which, in addition to the history, a description of some of the world's great bridges is given, together with several excellent illustrations.

THE history of almost all nations is wrapped up with the history of bridges. A bridge implies relationship with the outer world; the people who could not build bridges must either have lived always within the confines of certain rivers or coasts or mountains, or else they found a way to get across the rivers,

through the mountains or beyond their coasts. They must have used either bridges or boats. And in the end, the nation that was to be of any use could not depend even upon boats alone, but must have had bridges. Bridges have helped to make nations and races. Bridge-builders traveled in the van of the Roman



Masonry and cast iron bridge at Amsterdam.

army. Bold nations such as Rome flung bridges across the spaces which separated them from their enemies and crossed to victory. Timid nations, half-grown and unhealthy, were afraid of bridges because they gave their enemies a means of attack. To-day many a village might be made a town by the building of a bridge.

If locomotive steam engines had been invented before bridges, there would have been no Canadian Pacific Railway, no Grand Trunk Pacific. If there were no bridges across the St. Lawrence at certain points, there would be no city of Montreal—merely a town. Without bridges there would be no Winnipeg, no Niagara Falls towns, nothing but starveling villages kept alive by ferry boats or such other crude means of intercommunication. British Columbia would be to-day a foreign country to the rest of Canada if there had been no means of bridging the turbulent rivers of that province. The Americans who live on one side of the Niagara Gorge would have been utter strangers to the Canadians living on the Canadian side. They might as well be separated by leagues of ocean, were it not for bridges.

Thousands of years ago men crossed rivers on fallen trees or by stepping stones or by logs laid from one stone to another or by ferry; to-day, when mankind has need to cross a river or some great chasm, it invokes certain laws of science which, being applied by the men who have studied them, give a means of crossing almost anything, anywhere. It is a far cry from the stepping stones of Adam's time, from the first efforts of the Babylonians, to these days when engineers boldly project webs of steel across a gorge, and the steady-headed steel workers swarm out over the abyss to rivet and weld and knit together the two sides of a river.

Whether the bridge-builder was one of the ancients or one of the modern engineers, he is one of the noble figures in history. As one of the first workers in the interests of democracy he is like a master teacher who succeeds in opening to the common people the beauties of some garden of learning into which only those have been able to go who could climb the wall or open the locked gate. The far side of a river was a closed book to those who could not swim or command a boat to ferry them over. But the bridge builder



- A typical Dutch bridge, the architecture resembling in style the famous Dutch art.

removed these disabilities; he made it possible for the people on two sides of a river to pass and re-pass from one side to the other, to exchange ideas, to intermarry and trade with one another, as they could never have done by the primitive means of crossing that river.

About ten years ago an American bridge-building firm was successful in obtaining the contract for the construction of a certain bridge in India. It was to carry a railway across a certain gorge which lay between Rangoon and Mandalay. The foundations of this bridge were to rest upon another bridge—a natural bridge of rock which lay three hundred and twenty feet below the intended level of the new bridge, but which was itself several hundred feet above the real bottom of the gorge. The bridge proper was to be two thousand, two hundred and sixty feet long. It took trains totaling one and a half miles in length to carry the steel for this bridge. It required three gigantic ocean freighters to carry the material to the nearest point on the coast where the bridge was to be built, but the work was finally accomplished, and the

great Goktek Bridge, at the time the third highest bridge in the world, was completed.

In the building of this bridge were employed some of the nicest calculations that the mind of man could engage in. The stresses and strains to which that bridge would be subjected, the best means of carrying these and of distributing them to the various points where the bridge rested were the earliest considerations of the engineers, and yet for them it was a comparatively simple matter, a mere mathematical problem. They were given the description of the railway company's needs, the conditions in the locality, and the rest was a matter of calculation.

It was done in an office thousands of miles away from the place where the bridge was to go up, and yet, not so very far from the place where this great modern bridge had been erected, was the place where the first bridge-builders first worked out for themselves, unaided by text books or college training, the details of the earliest bridges, and the laws upon which they could be expected to stand. This was in Babylon.



View showing Pont Neuf and other of the bridges of Paris.



Pont Alexandre III., Paris, one of the most elaborate bridges in the world.



A unique type of single draw-bridge famed in Northern Europe.

By the simple law of compression an arch, thrown across a given space, can be made to support weights. The pressure upon the point of the arch or at any point bearing down upon it, is conveyed to the bases from which the arch springs. This is one of the first principles of bridge-building, and one of the first people to learn it was a Babylonian. No one knows his name. He is forgotten forever, but it was he who taught the Babylonians to build a bridge across the Euphrates upon a single arch 600 feet between the abutments. This was about one hundred years after the flood. It was the wonder of the day. Great palaces stood at each end.

Later another Babylonian conceived the plan of building a bridge on a different principle, the principle of suspension. He directed that the Euphrates be diverted from its course. This was done, and in the dried bed of the river great piers of brick were built. When these were finished, it was ordered that wooden platforms should be constructed, like gang-planks, and stretched between the piers. Over these during the day the people walked from one bank of the Euphrates to the

other. At night the city sent armed men to take up the platforms and leave the space between the piers vacant, so that the city would be safe from the attacks of thieves from the other side of the river.

It was upon these two principles, thus employed in Babylonia, that the Gokteik was built and the greater part of the world's bridges have been constructed. It is upon them, amplified in some directions and refined in others, that the Government's engineers are at this moment carrying the G. T. P. across difficult places in our northern wildernesses.

Between these ancient bridge-builders and the modern bridge-builders the gentle art of spanning rivers and chasms experienced a period of terrible neglect. Bridge-building, like most of the other arts, languished during the Dark Ages. Men were too busily engaged in other pursuits to consider such practical affairs. Out of these times grew an order of monks, really a branch of the Benedictines, called the Brothers of the Bridge. Perhaps these men are the fathers of the real bridge-builders, the men, such as Kipling describes in his story by that name, who take a pride in their art and to whom the sac-



Another typical Dutch bridge.

cess or failure of the bridge means success or failure to themselves.

These old monks at first established their monasteries near the ends of certain important bridges, so that travelers, arriving in the strange country might have a place to eat and sleep. They constituted themselves into bodies of police also, protecting travelers against thieves and murderers who lurked in the shadows at the ends of bridges. As the evil times progressed, and men began to neglect the upkeep of the bridges, these monks undertook that duty, by various simple means obtaining the necessary funds. In time, if the bridges fell away or new bridges were needed, the monks found the means for building them and the engineers.

London Bridge is said to have owed its existence to one of these pious engineers. This first bridge across the Thames at London had existed in a very crude form in the days of King Ethelred and it is said that in these days it was a strategic point between warring parties. There is said to have been such a bridge in A.D. 978, and there are records which refer to one which was built in 1014 and destroyed in 1136. But the old

London Bridge with shops on either side was the work of Peter of Colechurch, who is said to have been connected with the "Brothers of the Bridge." Peter began the building of London Bridge in 1176. He was not a very crafty engineer else he would not have made so many piers for the support of the structure. He made these piers so numerous and so heavy that they formed a dangerous obstruction to the river and acted like a dam. He died in 1205 and was buried in the crypt of the chapel in the centre pier of the bridge, according to the rules of the Brothers of the Bridge. The bridge was completed four years later.

This bridge had all sorts of buildings on its sides. There were defence towers at certain intervals upon which the heads of traitors were displayed after execution. In 1212, a fire broke out in some of the buildings at one end of the bridge. Thousands of persons gathered on the bridge to watch it. Another fire broke out at the other end, and between the two, and the river beneath, there was scarcely a chance for escape. In the traditions which have come down it is said that three thousand persons died either by fire or by drown-



A municipal bridge in Amsterdam, Holland.

ing, on that bridge. The upper works were rebuilt in 1300 and destroyed by fire again in 1471. They were rebuilt but in 1481 a whole section of the houses which were on one side of the roadway, and which projected far out over the river, fell into the river. In 1632 the bridge having been rebuilt was again destroyed. At this time the roadway was only twelve feet wide between the houses. In 1666, when it was again rebuilt, the roadway was made twenty feet wide, and after other fires had come and gone, the buildings on the bridge were finally removed in 1766. The centre pier was then taken out, and two arches replaced with a seventy-two foot span.

How the bridge was kept up, how the revenues were collected is a story full of humor and full of interesting side-lights upon the times. It was at first supported by a tax upon wool sacks, and the saying went abroad that it was built on a foundation of wool. Then there was an edict that every boat passing under the bridge must pay a certain tax. If a boatman came to the bridge to sell fish he must pay so much for his right to tie to the quay. Then there was another law that

every pedestrian passing over should pay one farthing and every man on horse-back one penny. Every conceivable excuse was tried to fine the customers of the bridge. There are records of how one John Smiters, master of the ship *Jeane* was fined ten shillings for allowing the yard sticks on the masts of his vessel to break the windows in certain houses on the bridge when the ship rocked in the outgoing tide. A fisherman was fined several pence for letting his boat bump the bridge, and so on. One of the Kings of England being at war with the City of London seized the revenues of the city, including the bridge, Edward the First made up for this by restoring the bridge to the city and ordering certain bounties paid to it. There were times when its management was given into the hands of court favorites. Out of the revenues of the bridge, out of the farthings and pennies and the occasional shillings that were paid to the keepers of the bridge, the courier dressed himself in silk hose, maintained his mansion and cut a noble figure before the King and the People,—while the bridge went to decay for lack of up-keep. In

1750 the strain was taken from London Bridge by the completion of Westminster bridge, and as the need grew Blackfriars and the Tower Bridge came into existence. But nothing in the history of the British Empire, can ever approach the romance of the old London Bridge.

The history of bridges is full of color and interest. At Osaka, Japan, there are said to be seven thousand bridges over the rivers and canals of that city. At Srinagar, India, is a unique affair built of wood, and called the Bridge of Ships. The best known bridge in Europe is the Rialto in Venice, which is said to have been built after plans made by Michael Angelo. It was built in 1588-91. The Bridge of Sighs followed it in 1597. The oldest stone bridge in England was built over the East Dart in Dartmoor two thousand years ago. The Caravan Bridge over the Meles River near Smyrna is thought to be the oldest bridge in existence. Only the parapets and the pavement have been renewed. By the banks of this river Homer is supposed to have played thousands of years ago, and over this short bridge, amid the rabble of the caravans, St. Paul the Apostle probably crossed on his way to Smyrna.

The opening up of the new world, and the promotion of railways has made a very great difference in the art of building bridges. The first bridges were of masonry and wood, most modern bridges are of steel, or cement, or both. Between the famous bridges of Europe and those of America there is this outstanding difference, that the European builder endeavored to make his bridge both beautiful and useful. In America the tendency is to make efficient bridges and to do so at a minimum of cost. In Europe tenders for a bridge are not taken merely on the matter of price but by the beauty of the design. This has not hitherto been true of America; the lowest tender has too often been the one that was accepted without any regard to the final appearance of the structure. In recent years, however, there has commenced to be a different viewpoint. Municipal Bridges are being more carefully planned, and with more attention to beauty of line and ornament than has hitherto been paid here.

The number of bridges in a city may be great or small according to the topograph-

ical and other conditions of the area. But by the regulation of traffic and the proper planning of the streets the need for bridges may be reduced to a minimum. For instance, Paris is very untidy in the matter of her street traffic. The result is that she has twenty-six bridges across the Seine within ten miles. London, where the streets are badly laid out, manages with only a few bridges because her police know how to regulate traffic. New York gets along with only a few main arteries leading across to Brooklyn, probably because the street traffic is well regulated and the streets are planned better than in London.

But if Paris is untidy in her management of her streets, and therefore extravagant with bridges, she is at least a mistress in the art of making them beautiful. She employs all sorts of styles and yet uses each style well. For example, the ornamentation of any bridge is usually carefully designed so as to be in harmony with the architecture of the surrounding buildings. The "Pont Alexandre Troie" situated at the end of the avenue of that name, and leading into L'Esplanade des Invalides, is generally conceded to be the most beautiful bridge in the world. The foundation stone was laid in 1896 by Czar Nicholas II and the bridge was completed in 1900. It consists of a low steel arch three hundred and thirty-two feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide. At each end are massive pylons seventy-five feet high surmounted by gilded groups of Pegasus flanked by other groups representing France at different periods in her history.

The oldest bridge in Paris is the Pont Neuf, at the west end of the City, crossing both arms of the Seine. It was finished in 1604 and is in a splendid state of preservation, although parts of it have been restored at different times. It is said that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this old bridge was a rendezvous for all the news-vendors, the jugglers, showmen, loungers and thieves of Paris. The famous Satirist Moliere used to spout his witteisms to this very crowd.

There is a definite characteristic common to the bridges of each of the nations in Europe where bridges are used, except perhaps in London. The Londoners have made use of all styles that met their needs,

they paid little attention to anything else. But in Paris is the tendency toward ornamentation and toward making the bridge fit in with its surroundings. In Germany the bridges are usually of a very massive type, and in recent steel structures there is a tendency to imitate church architecture. In Holland the bridges are of the low arch type with a draw bridge in the centre. Holland architects seem to have a weakness for placing highly ornamented lamp-posts in the middle of their bridges. In Switzerland, natural conditions make necessary the use of great viaducts.

In building our municipal bridges in Canada there has not been as much thought for the beauty of the bridge as perhaps there should have been. This is, of course, due to the fact that the first duty of the civic fathers has usually been to provide the means of crossing the rivers or valleys, without waiting to consider the matter of external appearance. Railway

bridges are, of course, in a different class, they cost a great deal of money to build and if the country were to be asked to wait until the bridge could be ornamented, there would be trouble in store for railway directors. But in municipal affairs, especially since the use of steel and concrete has been made more general, there is little reason why future Canadian cities and towns should not be adorned with beautiful bridges. Carvings and sculpture may not be available, but it can at least be seen that the laws of pleasing proportion are observed.

A bridge in your town may do wonders to improve the business of the place. A bridge placed on a roadway which has hitherto been a source of inconvenience for the farmer and his wagon, may divert trade from the neighboring town to your own town. Bridges have made great cities, and the lack of them has unmade those that might have been great.

IF WE COULD LIVE AGAIN

If we could live again, dear,
Adown the vanished years,
The chequered scroll of memory
Re-writ with joys, and tears,
Would brighter be, dear heart, dear heart.
Here where the page is soiled
By grief, because we grew apart,
And loveless hours toiled;
And here where blank remains the leaf
Where we had careless grown,
Nor strove to rise the clouds above
And waiting joy had known—
Ah! we would truer, firmer start
Upon the scroll the pen,
If we could live again, dear heart,
If we could live again.—Ethel Burnett.

The Falsehood of Mrs. Dalton

By

Ethelwynne Grant

THEY were lost; there was no mistake about it. Mrs. Dalton's brown eyes filled with tears. But then she was probably aware that they looked their best seen through a mist of tears.

"Are you quite sure, Billy, you couldn't find the way back?" she queried for the twentieth time.

"Certain," cheerfully affirmed Billy Aruton.

"Oh, dear," she sighed plaintively. "How awfully inconsistent a woman is," he remarked thoughtfully. "Not a half hour ago you were sighing for something new, a novel experience. You've got it, yet you are not satisfied."

"I certainly don't call this novel," she pouted, sinking gracefully on the outstretched coat her companion had thrown down with a chivalrous regard for her Paris gown.

"Were you ever lost?" demanded Billy leisurely lighting a cigarette.

"No."

"There you are, then!" he triumphantly exclaimed; "What you have not hitherto experienced must of necessity be novel." Then reflectively—"people you read about, that get lost always light a fire. You are not properly lost until you light one."

As Mrs. Dalton watched him gather brushwood she admitted to herself that Fate might have been harder in the matter of the partner of her adventure. For Billy was of the type that young girls usually term awfully fascinating. Somewhat short of stature, square built, he was undeniably good to look at, yet it would have perplexed the beholder to name one handsome feature.

As the wood blazed up the two drew closer together, drawn by that mutual sympathy a cheerful fire imparts.

Mrs. Dalton was the first to fall under its influence.

"It's horrid being a widow," she sighed, apropos of nothing in particular.

Billy immediately looked sympathetic.

"I'm sure it wasn't my fault," she went on, "I certainly didn't poison Harry. Yet sometimes," smiling gaily at the genial, sprawling figure, "I almost could persuade myself I must be guilty in some way. People take it for granted that a widow simply must be crooked somewhere. By what course of reasoning they arrive at this conclusion I have so far failed to fathom. I suppose," thoughtfully, "like the gravitation of the earth and the solar system, we must take it on trust. Only yesterday that horrid Mrs. Appleton, as we were having tea on the hotel veranda remarked that she had always noticed widows were quite able to take care of themselves, and she looked in my direction quite pointedly."

Billy puffed furiously at his cigarette and muttered something not quite complimentary to the absent lady, and his companion continued aggressively:

"When you happen to smile it is always 'the blandishments of the widow.' Blandishments! hateful word—together I feel exactly like the sly scheming widow in a novel, who is always plotting to alienate the affections of the heroine's husband."

Here Billy put back his head and gave way to uproarious mirth, then murmured slyly, with a quick glance at the alluring

face framed by the flames, "There is always a cure, you know."

Mrs. Dalton shrugged her slender shoulders.

"Worse than the disease," she said indifferently, although a slight flush now came altogether by the flames appeared for an instant on her smooth cheeks.

Billy looked up boldly after a few minutes' reverie. "Millicent, why did you marry Dalton?"

Mrs. Dalton glanced at Billy's face for a moment, hesitated for a fraction of a second, then spoke:

"In the first place, my parents wished it."

"That didn't influence you," Billy interrupted audaciously, his acquaintance with the widow dating many years.

"No, that's true," admitted the narrator with a candid laugh, "but long ago, goodness knows how long ago it does seem! I knew a boy, a dear but miserably poor. At the time I became acquainted with Harry Dalton, this boy and I were such dear pals that I thought any interruption of our friendship was impossible, until one day he suddenly left to seek his fortune. He left without a word of love between us, but this I attributed to his poverty."

The widow paused here and gazed at the fire, then with a sudden clenching of her hand and while a blanched look spread over her face she continued steadily:

"So sure was I that his lack of money was the only barrier between us that when Dalton proposed I did a reckless thing. I simply played the fool. I wrote to this boy and told him everything, that I could

never care for any man but him and that I was willing to wait years for him if need be. I watched feverishly for an answer. I waited one, two three weeks, and then sure that he did not care, I married Dalton."

When she finished, Billy was sitting upright, his face tense.

"I have thought since," she added slowly but distinctly, a peculiar expression in her magnificent eyes, "that he never received that letter."

"Why?" Billy asked harshly.

"Because, Billy," replied the widow, clenching her little jewelled hands, and her eyes wore the look of a gambler who is making his last coin, but like a good gambler she took the leap fearlessly, "because, Billy, that boy was you!"

"God!" In an instant he had the lithe figure in his arms, that was now sobbing and laughing alternately, "to think all I've missed these years!"

"You don't think me bold, then?" she queried, smiling up at him through her tears.

"Bold?" he laughed joyously, and drew her closer. "I think you are an angel."

The fire was dying out, but neither cared. It had done its work.

That night Mrs. Dalton examined her countenance ruthlessly in her mirror. "Yes," she nodded to her radiant reflection, "you are pretty, but you're just a plain, downright liar. Yes," she went on mercilessly, "a wicked, deceitful woman." Then bowing her lovely head, she cried passionately, "but I wanted him so badly, God, I wanted Billy so much!"



Shadowing Great Men

By

Ralph Haines

The public is always interested in the newspaper man. At any gathering "representatives of the Press" attract no little attention, not by reason of their personalities, but because of the general interest which attaches to their work. They are continuously "in the public eye." The accompanying article presents a vivid description of the varied and fascinating life of reporters who "shadow" great men, with whom they are required to keep constantly "in touch."

EVERY great man in the eye of the Public has a shadow, some have several. By a shadow I mean a newspaper reporter, or a whole herd of newspaper reporters, or a single newspaper. If Caesar when he traveled had had one of these shadows he would probably never have been as great a success as he was. If he had had a competent newspaperman, or two following him to observe his humaneness and tell about it to an hundred thousand or ten hundred thousand readers the next morning he would not have wielded the same power in the hearts of the people. If it had been but once reported, and well circulated that Caesar had a few weak points; if some shrewd editorial writer with a mastery of his tools had but been able to tell the masses what a little man Caesar was after all—History would have told a somewhat different story. I will not say that the story would have been entirely different. In fact I don't think it would. But certainly a Roman morning paper, let alone for a while, would have served to spread dissidence and discontent, and might have done wonders towards improving the minds of the masses touching the man Caesar.

There have been many Caesars since but their wings have been clipped since the days of the original. The newspaper has spread abroad the standards by which men

are judged; it has quickened the judgment of the people; more than this, it has brought the public man nearer to the public view, and instead of his being able to do a hundred deeds which nobody ever heard about in the old days, to-day Caesar is interviewed if he falls out of bed, and the reporter, if he secures an appointment, describes minutely the color of the bruises; if Caesar refuses to see him he describes the refusal accurately and in colors, so that the public at least has the satisfaction of knowing that Caesar has a bad temper and is peevish. In short Caesar in the olden days was a demigod and cast no shadow. The natural activity of the public mind had nothing on which to work except for gossip which came by word of mouth and which was very meagre at that. Nowadays Caesar must endure the light of public opinion and the shadow,—the complement of public opinion, is the newspaper and the newspaperman.

You may often have seen a lean youth—reporters on this continent are nearly always lean fellows—sticking his head in the door of your office to ask if you had any "news" for him; or sitting in a court room listening to proceedings which would put another man to sleep but out of which the youth manages to dig something which will amuse you or enlighten you as you read it in the street car that

night or the next morning. You may have seen him slip with impunity through the police lines at a great fire. Perhaps he annoyed you by asking if you owned the building and what the loss would be, also the insurance and the insurance companies concerned. You read his impressions of murders and railway wrecks, of divorce cases, pretty women, prisoners, sensory, rich men's homes, and rich men themselves. Not only rich men but public men.

He writes statements about them and their doings which, although there is no direct expression of opinion, convey impressions to you which are either in favor of, or against the man in question. When a great man comes to your city, a reporter, or sometimes two of them, go from each paper to see him, to find out what he has to say. If he is important enough they may chronicle his every word, if he is very great they may follow all his movements and even follow him out of the city and across the continent if he be going upon some noteworthy tour. The great man or the public man, cannot escape The Shadow. That very Shadow has made some of them great: it has nipped other Caesars in the embryo.

The average newspaper reporter when he starts out in his journalistic career is either under educated or over-educated. It takes him a long time, sometimes, to level up, or level down, as the case may be. Sometimes he comes from college, a title wise, a bit blasé, inclined to put opinions in his copy and to start a good story by saying "There was a meeting held last night in Brown's Hall—"

Sometimes he is a young professional man, a lawyer or half-finished lawyer, who has not had enough capital to get a proper professional start in life and who had developed wandering propensities which find satisfaction in the irregular hours and the varied work of the newspaper reporter. Then again there are school-boys who manage to get assignments, or boys who have grown up from the copy-carrying stage. They are all put into the mill together. All have to learn and to unlearn. The college man and the office boy have the same chance of promotion and starvation. When they have been in the business four years they are cynics with a large C. When they have spent another three years they are either

drogards, too tired to be cynical, or successful feature-writers or editors too busy gathering honors or emoluments to remember their old superior attitude toward the rest of the world. For the greater part though, they are plain, ordinary every-day God-fearing citizens who grumble at their employers, as do all people on earth more or less, and who wouldn't quit the newspaper "game" if they had a chance.

In fiction and on the stage reporters are misrepresented. In fiction they are always on the hunt for a "big story," something sensational, something full of "human interest." The city editor is next to always portrayed as a gorilla with a kind heart. Or, the stage reporter is represented as an over-dressed fop with astonishing nerve and loud socks, who ends by being either kicked down the stairs of the indignant millionaire who has been accused of doing something crooked, or marrying the said millionaire's daughter under his very nose. The explanation may be that writers and play-wrights are not recruited from the local rooms of newspapers; or it may be that, having risen in the world to the dignity of a pen name, and the honor of being Bohemian at a cheap club, the said writer or play-wright looks back with contempt, and paints the scenes of his early struggles, not with fond sympathy, but with exaggerated antipathy. Anyway, the explanation does not matter. The truth is that the newspaperman is misrepresented, sometimes favorably, but more often unfavorably.

The political reporter is seldom featured in any story. The man who sits in the press gallery at Ottawa or Washington, or who accompanies Laurier, or Borden, on their political tours, have not a romantic enough life, nor sufficient connection with the aforementioned gorilla of a city editor to furnish amusement for magazine readers. The press gallery at Ottawa is a hum-drum place for the casual fiction impressionist. He seldom stops to think that that row of men sitting in a narrow box just over the heads of Parliament on one side of the Chamber, is not the press gallery, not the newspapermen, not the reporters, nor the "Press," but the eyes of the Nation, the ears of the nation and, to some extent, the judgment of the nation. If

the press gallery at Ottawa or at Washington went on strike to-morrow as a gallery once went on strike in one of the old lands, the Canadian Parliament or the American House of Representatives, whichever it might be, would in time be compelled to adjourn. There would be no speeches worth mentioning. Members of Parliament and Congressmen seldom talk if the outside world is not going to listen.

In the telegraph reports which are sent out from Ottawa or from Washington, the names of great men are made or marred. There are men at Ottawa who have set out to buy their way into the favor of the press gallery, but the press gallery, although it may have consented to accept the gentleman's hospitality in the smoke-room now and again, will not bargain itself away. It still retains its judicial attitude of mind, and if the generous M.P. who is anxious for popularity, is not careful, and makes a fool of himself—he dies politically. It is not by the direct expression of opinion, as I said before, that his death, or on the other hand his translation into higher political spheres is brought about; it is by the coloring of a sentence, or the addition, or omission of a fact from the report which is telegraphed to the newspapers of the country.

Last summer when Sir Wilfrid Laurier toured the West a special car was attached to his train in which sixteen newspapermen were carried. They were given their sleeping accommodations and their meals. Without them a great deal of the effect of the trip would have been lost. Similarly, when Mr. R. L. Borden toured the West this past summer, a sleeper and a dining car were attached to the train for the accommodation of the newspapermen. Every morning and every night, from the various points visited by the political tourists, telegraphed accounts of the day's proceedings were sent back to the papers of the respective correspondents.

Business men, reading the accounts in the morning or the evening paper, scarcely could be expected to realize the circumstances under which the "copy" was written.

Sometimes it is written as "running copy" while the politician in question is speaking at the meeting. The correspondent takes what he requires from the

gentleman's speech as it comes from his lips. Afterward, he edits it, reads it over to find some point that may make a good "introduction," writes the same in front of the speech and files it with the telegraph operator. It is possible that the speech is delivered too late to be wired through just then and the correspondent may take the time to write it after the meeting, back in the car. If the train is not moving it is not a difficult matter to write the copy on one of the ordinary tables which the car porter may erect, just as in a Pullman. But if the train is in motion it is a very much more difficult matter and the only real solution is a typewriting machine. With this the motion of the train has less effect and the copy is certainly more legible.

There is always the problem of filing the copy in time for the paper for which it is intended. If there are several papers represented and only one, or at most two operators in the town, and if in addition the meeting is held at a late hour so that the copy cannot be filed early—there is trouble. "Running copy" is the rule then. Sometimes it has to go with a very scant introduction. Sometimes an enterprising reporter, will find out in advance what the feature of the meeting will be, or he may even "fake" a story. But it is risky.

The contact with public men and the methods of conducting public business are of great value to the reporter. Very often he profits by what he learns and in time gets into politics himself, or into the public administration. At other times he becomes a scholar in human nature and learns how to read it and handle it. Sometimes he takes less interest in his work than he should, just as in all lines of business men sometimes do, and then he falls into the rut of a daily grind. He is sent to ask people pertinent questions about themselves and their affairs. He is told that he is impudent. He is made fun of. But after all he is only the agent of Democracy. While mere prying journalists is not to be defended, still were it not for the legitimate enquiry of the newspaperman Democracy would often be grievously handicapped, and there might spring up once more, the old Caesar without his warning shadow.

Eugene

By

Margery Williams

EUGENE Lafayette Brice sat on the top step of the staircase. Below him the straight, shabbily-carpeted flight stretched down to the hall, lit by a solitary, flickering gas-jet, which caused strange shadows about the hat-rack and the horse-hair sofa, and the fly-specked gilt frame from which Abraham Lincoln looked down impassively on all who came or went. A dim fog seemed to hang always in this hall, where dwelt a stuffy atmosphere of ancient dinners and cheap cigar smoke. From where Eugene sat, it had the look of some gruesome subterranean tunnel.

Eugene was six, nearly seven, but the taste of his mother kept him still clad in velvetine kilts and three-quarter socks. Eugene detested his kilts. He felt dimly that they covered him with ridicule. In truth, they accorded badly with his plain freckled face, precociously old in expression, and his short fair hair, producing an effect which added needlessly to his unpopularity in the boarding-house. He was not a pleasing child. If people noticed him at all, it was to dislike him. He was sullen and ill-mannered, wise beyond his years, the plague of the servants, and the aversion of all the boarders. Eugene saw it. He was rather acutely conscious of his failure to please, in any direction. Even Mary, the "internally colored chambermaid, who derived a considerable income from running errands for Eugene's mother instead of attending to her proper work, turned upon him roughly whenever she caught him alone.

When the servants chased him off he fell back upon the boarders. They convicted him of "tagging." He had an air of hanging about to listen, when he was

in reality merely lonely. He lingered near groups until some brisk voice said invariably, "Well, Eugene, do you want anything?" Usually he slunk off then with the look of one detected in crime. His sensitiveness, perverted at the outset, took refuge in antagonism. He pitted himself against the combined endurance of the household, and in the result the household suffered.

When his mother swept into the dining-room at meal-times, her hair faultlessly arranged, and wafting *posés d'Espagne* as she moved, Eugene followed in her wake like a small dog. He was conscious of covert glances cast at him across the long table. He ate silently, and it was impossible to tell from the impressive countenance of the waiter who brought him the soup that the two were on terms of deadly warfare.

He sat on the stairs to-night because his mother had a card-party in her room, and for practical reasons it was impossible for Eugene to go to bed until it ended. He was not in the habit of going to bed before eleven on any night. The effect showed in his pallid, grimy complexion, unwholesomely puffy. He had edged casually into the drawing-room downstairs, a place of shabby furniture and much gilding, only to meet with short shrift at the hands of its few occupants. Afterwards he had tried the dining-room, on the pretence of getting a drink from the ice-cooler, but at the first evidence of lingering the colored waiter, busy clearing the tables and sorting the silver, had turned on him in a sort of long-suffering fury.

"Yoh tek'n' no 'ong, Mam' 'Gensel'! You ain't gwine hev you a-colla' room'!"

whar'm busy—nessir! Dis din'-room ain' no place fur chillers when I'm wukkin'."

Eugene had letered, peering down the "dummy" from which rose clatter and odors from the kitchen below.

"I—say, Adolf, I want a piece of bread!"

The waiter's suspicions deepened immediately.

"I ain' here to be cuttin' yeh no bread not after yeh got yeh dinner. Yeh ain' got no sner bread, less'n yeh's up ter some devilry. An' ef yeh don't be'n' clar out'er hyar I's gwine tell Mis' Schultz on yer, a-comin' roum' hyar wantin' bread. She ain' 'fordin' to throw no bread 'roum' fur foolishness!"

Eugene had come with every intention of being friendly with Adolf, if Adolf would let him. He had even dreamed of asking the permission, grumbling accorded at times, of helping Adolf lay the silver round for the next meal. But he thrust his tongue out now instinctively as he gained the doorway.

"Yah, nigger!" he called.

Thereafter the stairs had been his only refuge. He sat there with his chin on his doubled fist, kicking at the step below him. There was a threshold spot on the carpet, and by careful assistance with his toe he had succeeded in creating a tolerable hole. He could hear the waiter still clattering forks and spoons in the dining-room. Now and then, on one of the upper floors, a door was opened and shut; there came a momentary buzz of voices. It was Christmas Eve, and the younger contingent of the boarding-house were doling mysteriously in and out of one another's rooms.

The second-floor front, in particular, was occupied by a family that boasted two children, a boy and a girl, a little older than Eugene. There were also a father and a grandmother, and a perpetual atmosphere of festivity seemed to dwell behind the closed door. Of an evening, creeping up, Eugene could hear their voices through the transom. They were always playing games. They were comparative new-comers in the house, and until their advent Eugene had achieved more or less companionship with a certain little girl who lived on the landing below his own. But in an evil moment she had made friends with the new child-

ren, particularly the little girl, and immediately her manners underwent a change. She was to be seen continually carrying boxes of paper dolls between her own room and the Smiths', and she looked upon Eugene with a cold and critical eye. She spent her evenings there. The Smiths were essentially "nice" children, and it had been enjoined upon them from the first not to associate with Eugene. With the faultless insight of childhood, they sensed, from their relatives' attitude, something deeper than the mere objection to Eugene's manners or his upbringing. Without in the least knowing why, they perceived that he was a pariah, a person banned for dark and mysterious reasons from the social level of children who had nice parents. They preserved a virtuous and oblivious air when they encountered him on the stairs or landing. And the little girl who had been formerly Eugene's playmate was most prominent in this game of ostracism. Her mother had discovered, coincident with the Smiths' arrival, that she had never cared very much for Addie going with that Eugene, anyhow.

Eugene was puzzled. It was plainly not a matter of wealth. He was accustomed to say at any moment, "Mamma, say, gimme a dollar!" Nearly always he got it. His room was littered with expensive toys, and he might devour candy unchecked. Since his possessions had no meaning for a little boy compelled to play with them alone, he tried to use them as a means of enticement to the other children. But he failed utterly. His tale of riches never even impressed them. He would say, "I've got more'n five dollars in my bank. Less yeh'n' me go get some candy—huh?" He was prepared to be lavishly generous if they showed the least signs of capitulation, but their parents' injunction stuck always in their minds. They could have no interest in the wealth of a boy who was not "nice." They even suspected him of lying.

Sometimes he attributed their attitude to his clothes. He felt a deadly shame of his velveten kilts, his bare knees. Even his name savored of the ridiculous. The little Smith boy's name was Charlie. It seemed to Eugene a much better name.

As Eugene sat on the stair-head, small, hesitating steps were heard descending

from the upper regions. It was the little girl whom the charmed circle of "nice-ness" had recently swallowed, like an encroaching tide. She wore slippers and a new sock. She hopped slowly from step to step, hugging a doll in her arms, and she pretended not to notice Eugene until she was on the landing just behind him. Then she paused.

"Lemme pass."

Eugene looked up at her sullenly.

"Where you goin'?"

"S my business. I want'er get a drink."

Now, Eugene, you let me go right by?"

"I ain't stoppin', you."

But he shifted his position so as to block more effectively the stairway.

"Say—you been with the Smiths?"

"M'm."

Eugene hesitated. "Say, now, to-morrow's Christmas!"

"Don't I know it? The Smiths, they've got a tree. It's goin' to be awful big. And Mr. Smith's bought seven boxes of candy. We saw 'em in the closet. I'm goin' to have somethin' off their tree, too. Mr. Smith, he told Mabel, 'n' Mabel told me. 'N' she knows what it is!"

Eugene kicked at the step.

"I bet they haven't got a tree like I got. Mine—it's—it's—it goes 'way up t' the ceiling, an' there's everything you can think of on it! An' I'm goin' to have a real theatre what you can get inside, an' real scenes, 'n' a stable 'n' a printin'-press 'n' a cook-and-butter company one of those what the horses goes up 'n' down!"

"Huh!" said the little girl. But her eyes glowed warily.

"N' a cook-stove to burn alcohol!"

"Boys don't have cook-stoves. You story!"

"I guess I can have a cook-stove ifter want it. I—I'll let you cook on it."

"Mabel Smith's goin' to have a cook-stove," said the little girl.

"Mine's a better," said Eugene, stoutly.

"You're a story!"

She was keeping one ear warily cocked toward the upper floor. Eugene saw signs of weakening.

"Less you 'n' me play with it to-morrow!"

"I'm goin' with the Smiths."

Eugene made a desperate shot. "Less off of us go play with it!"

The little girl stiffened.

"The Smiths wouldn't ever. Mr. Smith's awful p'licar. Mabel Smith says he wouldn't ever let her go with you. He says you're too rough."

"I ain't rough, either!"

"He says you're rough. And he won't let 'em play anywheres but just in their room."

Eugene thought.

"I—say, Addie! S'posin' you was to ask Mr. Smith to let me come in some time, huh?"

"He wouldn't ever!"

"But jes' s'posin' you—s'posin' I was to knock some ev'nin', an' you was there, an' s'posin' some one opened the door, anner you'd say, 'That's Eugene, an'—an' I was a friend of yours or sump'n', an' you'd let on you didn't know I was comin', an' you'd say I wasn't rough nor nothin', and, Mr. Smith let me in. An' s'posin' I told him I'd be awful quiet if he'd let me play. Huh?"

The little girl was obviously considering. She took an attitude of importance.

"Anner I'd bring my hock-n-ladder comp'ny an' everything, and we'd have real plays in the theatre!"

"I—"

"To-morrow night I'll come 'n' knock—huh?—an' you can do it. You'll be awfully mean if you don't!"

Addie suddenly remembered her errand.

"You lemme pass now, Eugene, or— or I won't say nothing!"

Eugene drew his legs back slowly. "You say, 'Hoper may die if I den,' then?"

"I—now—maybe I'll see!"

She passed on down the staircase, jumping the last two steps. Secretly she was regretting certain advantages of the days when she had "gone with" Eugene. At just this period the Smith children and herself were immersed in theatrical projects. A real theatre would be lots of fun.

It seemed to Eugene that the Smiths took an extraordinary time over their supper on Christmas night. Peeping through the crack of the dining-room door, he watched the contingent finally rise and begin to file their way out, the two children fast, repentant in holiday clothes, the little girl with a new gold locket dangling ostentatiously and a tiny turquoise ring

on her pink second finger, then the grandmother wailfully beaming, lastly Mr. Smith himself. Eugene concealed himself while the procession passed him in the hall and went upstairs. Presently a door shut.

Eugene waited for nearly twenty minutes. Then he began to make his way desperately up the staircase, with many pauses. He hurried for a long time, fearfully, the second-floor landing, till the tell-tale creak of a board under his feet forced him to precipitate himself at the door. Through the transom he could hear the sudden hush that followed his knock. He almost ran away. Some one pushed back a chair and came forward with a firm, decisive tread.

In the crack of the half-opened door appeared Mr. Smith's head. An atmosphere of Christmas seemed to float visibly past him out to the dingy landing. He looked inquiringly at Eugene. He had no desire to be an ogre, least of all on Christmas night. He was even a genial man. He simply didn't understand.

"Well, Eugene, did you want any thing?"

"I—I—now——"

He fidgeted miserably on the barred threshold. Inside the room a deadly silence reigned. The base little girl said nothing at all.

"Did some one send you here?" asked Mr. Smith kindly.

"No, I—I just——"

"Then I guess you'd better run away again," said Mr. Smith. He spoke gently, having no wish to hurt Eugene's feelings. He closed the door. Eugene was left standing outside. And within, voices, as in a sudden relief, resumed their gay babble.

Eugene Lafayette Brice went slowly up to his room. The big Christmas tree, with its glittering spun-glass ornaments, loomed to the ceiling. There was imitation snow beneath its branches, over which the hook-and-ladder company were prancing triumphant. A little mechanical

clown who turned somersaults was arrested in mid-flight, clinging to his gilt trapeze. Many of his mother's friends had brought him expensive presents and these, too, contributed to the litter. It would seem that a small boy could have nothing left to desire.

Eugene looked up at his theatre, with one of the marionettes suspended limp and headless across the mimic footlights. Something happened to his throat, and he gulped savagely.

There were voices in the room beyond the folding doors, and the clink of glasses. His mother was laughing. Presently some one threw cards down noisily on the table. A young man sauntered through into the room where Eugene stood, a cigarette in his mouth. He had a pleasant, boyish face. He was the only one of the shifting crowd of acquaintances whom Eugene liked. His manner missed the patronage which the rest of his mother's friends extended to him, as to a pet dog; once he had even taken Eugene to the Zoo. But to-day Eugene hated him. He hated every one.

The young man came forward and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Hello, Cup! Having a good time, eh?"

Eugene wriggled out of the friendly grasp. He hunched his shoulders defensively and glared at the theatre through a choking mist.

"Now, you leave me 'lone, I tell you——"

"What's the matter?"

Eugene gulped again. "I—suthin's peekin' my foot."

He made feint of examining his shoe. The young man laughed and went back to the card table.

The game recommenced, and through the chatter and laughter no one could be aware that in the next room a small boy had flung himself down on the imitation snow beneath the biggest Christmas tree in the world, and was sobbing abandonedly.

Canadian Carelessness

By

Reg. Calbeck

Scarcely a day passes but that several motor accidents, some resulting in fatalities, are recorded in various parts of Canada. The results are apparent; the causes are not so plainly seen. In the following article, by a study of conditions and by comparisons, the writer seeks to show the main underlying cause of so many of these accidents, which he attributes to Canadian carelessness or lack of discipline on the part of the people of the Dominion. Whether or not they agree with his conclusions, readers of the article will find it of lively interest.

WHY IS IT ——?

THAT in London, England, with its population of six millions, its crooked and narrow streets, and its congested business centres, the enormous pedestrian and vehicular traffic is handled more easily than in a Canadian city, say Toronto?

That in London, with its vehicular traffic exceeding fifteen miles an hour and its average automobile speed of more than twenty miles an hour, there are comparatively fewer accidents than in Toronto, where vehicles travel at less than ten miles an hour and automobiles at from ten to fifteen?

That in London there is not a single mounted cycle or motor cycle police officer while in Toronto there are three?

That in London there is not a single police officer whose duty it is to regulate the speed of motor cars, while in Toronto every man on the force is under orders to catch the "numbers" of speeders, and cycle men are specially detailed to run them down?

That in London there are fewer convictions for excessive speeding in a year than complaints in Toronto in a month?

That in London a single foot-officer can regulate the traffic of Piccadilly Circus

of comparative conditions in London and Toronto is well calculated to induce Canada with less difficulty than a dozen could handle conditions at Yonge and Queen streets in Toronto?

That in London one can safely drive through the Strand at a speed of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, while it is often dangerous to motor up Yonge Street in Toronto at a rate exceeding five miles an hour?

And why is it that the percentage of accidents on Canadian and United States railways far exceeds that of any country in Europe?

And once again, why is it that the percentage of accidents in factories on this continent far exceeds that in Britain, France or Germany?

WHY IT IS

There is an answer and a reason.

The answer—a lack of discipline and a spirit of fair play on the part of Canadians as compared with the people of Britain, France or Germany.

The reason—a failure to instill in the minds of the young—in the home, in the school, and in the church—the importance of self control, respect for law and obedience to authority.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

There is food for thought in the series of questions presented. The mere recital tends to reflect on the possible reasons for their existence. Thus, it may be that in the process of determining the cause, new light may be shed on the general problem which will facilitate some course of remedial treatment in this country.

In any event, the people throughout Canada and the United States, are confronted with the fact that they are unable to handle traffic as do the more populous centres of Europe. Serious as have been the conditions in the past the dangers in this regard have been intensified in recent years with the introduction of motor travel, particularly by automobile, which has resulted on this side of the Atlantic in such slaughter that stringent measures are being taken to regulate it. But formidable difficulties have arisen in devising such governing regulations. The outward conditions are evident; the underlying causes are not so apparent. In order to ascertain these it is necessary to consult the authorities—men who by reason of their training and experience are familiar with conditions and are able to accurately judge of the difference between right and wrong and the relation between cause and effect.

Certain it is that the problem touching the entire question of the regulation of traffic and the safety of human life on city thoroughfares, in view of the multiplicity of changing conditions and serious accidents, is one which deserves prompt consideration on the part of administrators of the law and the public in general, in whose interests the law is enforced.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE.

What is the primary cause of so many automobile accidents in Toronto?

While the causes may be numerous and varied, undoubtedly the primary one—the one which largely underlies all others—is carelessness on the part of the general public. In many cases the carelessness has developed into recklessness. There are a great many people in Toronto who are living in a world of their own and imagine they are a law unto themselves. The conditions which they are creating as a result of putting their false theories into practice are becoming serious, much more so than most of us realize. What

has come over the people of to-day that they should thus boldly disregard regulations devised for their own safety? Is it a lack of respect for authority? Is it a failure to properly regard the rights of others? Is it a determination to do pretty much as they please? And what is the cause? Is it due to a lack of training in the home, or the school, or the church? Is it because of the changing ideals of the people? Is it a result of ideas which are being brought in from the United States? Whatever may be the cause the fact remains that the problem of handling street traffic is becoming increasingly difficult. The number of accidents from automobile and other traffic has steadily grown with the expansion of the city and the mobile traffic has increased with the increase in population and machines, as might be expected, but the main cause is still carelessness and the tendency on the part of all classes to rush regardless of the rights of others or the conditions which surround them. Why, you can scarcely go down Yonge street but that some young girl in an attempt to dash across the street clutches your arm or brushes your coat as she passes in order to get ahead of you the sooner. It is all most ill-mannered and is giving Canada a bad reputation. If this thing keeps on, I confess I don't know what we are coming to. In the old land, particularly in London, about which we hear so much in the way of regulating traffic and maintaining order, conditions are much different. There people willingly obey orders and submit to authority. Why? Because during an extended period they have been trained and educated to a respect for law and its proper enforcement.

A SEVERE INSTRUCTION.

It may be said that these statements constitute a severe arraignment of public discipline. Canadians may well ask themselves, are they true? Can it be justly charged that the public is careless in the exercise of its privileges? That the rights of others are sacrificed to self interest? That a spirit of defiance has seized people which has imbued them with false notions of liberty? That there is no longer the discipline which once prevailed in the homes and schools of this country and left its impress on the lives of its citizens?

Answer these questions as you will, the fact remains that statistics bear out the theory that despite the additional precautions which are being taken to more adequately protect the public from danger on the highways, an increasing percentage of accidents on streets to-day can be traced directly to carelessness—merely a total disregard on the part of the public to conform itself to the regulations devised for its protection.

There can be but one result. As people become more reckless the measure of protection must become more stringent. The automobile naturally is the source of most anxiety. In an effort to better conditions the owners of machines and the police authorities have united in a more vigorous enforcement of regulations. The motor organizations, for instance, by an educational campaign, are impressing on owners the importance of observing the law, are lending assistance in the investigation of any complaints as to negligence and in the prosecution of offenders where such is considered desirable in the interests of justice. The police, too, are alive to the situation, as is shown by the fact that three special motor-cycle men are now on regular duty to enforce speed regulations in Toronto, particularly with regard to automobiles, while all the men of the force are instructed to take the numbers of any machines exceeding the speed limit.

FATALITIES ARE RECORDED.

Notwithstanding these measures, however, the number of deaths which might be classed under the head of "traffic" in Toronto, shows a steady increase. For the past two years the "fatality" figures, which do not of course include the scores of serious or minor accidents unrecorded, are as follows:

1909: Killed by vehicles, 3; by trains 3; by trolley cars 8; total 14.

1910: Killed by vehicles, 8; by trains, 10; by trolley cars, 13; total 31.

The figures for 1911 will not be available until the end of the year, but it is expected these will show a continued increase over those of preceding years.

Conditions are practically the same all over the country. The general complaint against automobile accidents is changing in its character; it is no longer directed so much by the public against reckless users

as by the users against a careless public. Nor is the situation different in the United States. The report of the Board of Commissioners of Massachusetts just issued shows that 1557 men were run down on the highways of that State in eleven months, 199 of whom were killed. The conclusion of the board as to the main cause of the increased accidents was that pedestrians were becoming careless on the highways.

Apparently, with the speed limit reduced to 10 miles an hour in congested districts and a rigid enforcement of the law by the regular force supplemented by special men against offenders who exceed 15 or 20 miles, the authorities are doing all possible, with the co-operation of motor organizations, to eliminate the dangers attendant upon motor traffic in Toronto.

Merely by way of contrast it might be added that conditions on the continent are vastly different. There, the public not only co-operate with the authorities in facilitating traffic, but actually lend their aid in making such pestimes as automobile pleasure for those who participate in it. Driving along a country road in Germany, for instance, where no restrictions as to speed are imposed, one is tempted to go the limit. If perchance, while thus enjoying full liberty, a driver suddenly tows his horn as a warning to peasants ahead to clear the road, it is not infrequently happens that they call out to him as he whips past some kindly word of greeting in their native tongue, such as "good luck to you," or "a fine driver." All of which shows not only a difference in discipline as evidenced in the obedience to demand, but likewise of spirit as expressed in the good wishes. On this side of the Atlantic there is nothing to approach it.

A DEMAND FOR DISCIPLINE.

The conclusion which one must reach in studying the traffic question, with special reference to accidents, is that a reduction of accidents is to be effected only through the exercise of greater care on the part of the public.

To this end it is essential to the proper maintenance of law and order, to the adequate control of street traffic and to the safety of human life that a spirit of discipline should be developed in Toronto.

What has happened in the homes of a city which boasts of its prestige among the cities of the Dominion, that there should be this lack of discipline?

What has become of the school system in this province that should instill into young minds the importance of self-control, respect for others and obedience to authority?

What has befallen the agencies which should battle against the false ideals of liberty in a great metropolis and aid mightily in the preservation of peace and the maintenance of order?

As applied to the regulation of street traffic the development of discipline through these channels may seem somewhat unique, but the experience of large

centres in the Old Land and in Europe has been invariably that regardless of regulations the safety of human life on thoroughfares depends largely on the degree of care exercised by the general public. The task of educating and training citizens to a respect for law and authority must commence in the home, continue through the school, and be prosecuted by the State in all the spheres of citizenship by the proper enforcement of enactments and the maintenance of order.

For all these institutions there is a great work—a service which will tell not alone in the city of Toronto, but in the making in the solution of the problems of traffic of Canadian citizens in the truest and broadest sense.



LITANY OF THE WIND

O Wind, blow fresh, O Wind, blow free
And blow my absent Love to me!
The Wind blows harsh, the Wind blows proud,
I hear my lover singing loud.
O Wind, blow smooth, O Wind, blow sweet
And waft my lover to my feet!
The Wind blows wild, the Wind blows weird,
I thought my lover's step I heard.
O Wind, blow strong, O blow again
And bring my lover in your train;
The Wind blows strange, the Wind blows chill,
My lover stands upon the sill.
O Wind, blow soft, O wind breathe low,
I am afraid my love will go!
The Wind blows far, the Wind has gone
And I am with my Love alone.
O Wind, blow fierce across the bay
You cannot take my Love from me!

—Elsie V. H. Baldwin

The Making of the Treaty

By

Alan Sullivan

THERE was no particular reason why Blantyre should have left his father's place in Essex, except, that, being a younger son he was like a fifth wheel to the parental coach, but the only reason for his filling a post in the Indian Department at Ottawa was that he had a great name behind him, and also perhaps because the commissioner had memories of Essex. But Blantyre brought to Canada such a lofty uninterest in the method by which most men earn their living that he was shunted from Ottawa to Winnipeg and from Winnipeg to the prairie country south of Regina, and here his luck changed.

Mackintosh was on his way west to make treaty with the Fort Pelly Indians, Mackintosh who knew more about the prairie men and could speak more red languages than anyone out of the Hudson's Bay Company. Also Mackintosh knew more of English history, it being his hobby, than any man in Canada. So when he heard that a son of so great a family was within a hundred miles he sent for Blantyre. The two struck up a queer, disjointed friendship. Mackintosh saw in the selfish nobleman, the representative, however unworthy, of ancient glories, and Blantyre, having received not a few hard knocks, had learned to recognize a strong man when he saw one. So the two journeyed west in official ease and comfort. Then the unexpected happened, and, one evening, the Scotchman walked into camp with his four fingers dangling from the palm of one hand and a gun with a shattered breech in the other. When it was bound up by the sergeant and Joe Green-sky, the interpreter for Fort Good Hope, he turned by Blantyre:

"Ye must go on," he said, quietly, "I'm for Regina to get the powder out of me, but you're my deputy and the Queen's man. Ye'll no leave them, ye mind, but ca' cunny, for they're kittle cattle. I told ye enough before this, an' it was well that I told ye."

Blantyre stared at him. "But I say—" "Ye'll no say much, if ye take my advice, go on an' serve your country. Man alive, it's the chance of your life."

He swung, white-faced, into the saddle, for fire was shooting up his arm and plucking at the shoulder sleeve. Then, a private behind him, with a packhorse, he rode off for Regina.

Two weeks later it was told among the Wood Swallowers that the servant of the White Queen was coming to make treaty, and the news ran till it spread to the camp of Na-quape, the wild one, in the — Lake country, northwest of Fort Pelly. When Bel-agasi, the left-handed, Na-quape's oldest wife, heard it, she laughed viciously and scraped the harder at a deer skin across her knees.

But Na-quape called council, and to the surprise of the elder men said that though he hated the whites, this time he would go to hear what might be said. Then he pointed his face and trailed across the prairie with his wise men. Spotted, the wanderer, and Ming-gan, the soot wolf, and his fifty fighting men and their women at a laboring and respectful distance, to where Blantyre's camp shone white in the green immensity of the wilderness.

The sergeant had, so far as he could, taken Blantyre under a red-coated wing, for had he not served under an uncle of the great family in Afghanistan, who rode hard, and strove hard, and fought hard,

and who had just such a drawl as that which slipped so laconically through Blantyre's tawny moustache.

So when Na-quape arrived he found the deputy's tent open, with the deputy sitting at a folding table in front of it, he found the three mounted police standing on one side, with the flag on the other, and in the rear the canvas habitation of a nomadic trader, who had use for all the treaty money in Blantyre's sack.

Blantyre saw a straight, immobile, copper-colored status. Around his forehead was a band of maroon fur, from which the black feather-crowned hair fell away in two long, oiled and shining plaits. Little brass discs dangled beside his face. His body was bright with shirt and leggings of vivid blankets. About his neck a skinning knife hung in an embroidered sheath and in his belt stuck the heavy handle of a great buffalo knife, with a ten-inch blade, and, last, there was the muzzle-loader, with its barrel seen off short. Thus, in freedom, stood Na-quape, and at a wave of his hand the fighting man settled behind him in a semi-circle on the grass.

Very slowly he opened the firebag that had once been the lower mandible of a crane and drew from it steel and flint and touchwood and tobacco.

"I say," put in Blantyre, suddenly. Na-quape lifted his dark eyes. "When I am ready I will speak," he said slowly. Then a fighting man brought and filled the great suspicion pargun, the pipe, with its yard-long stem and strange straight bowl that had been handed down from father to son for more years than even the oldest of them knew.

Blantyre moved restlessly while it passed silently from lip to lip, then opened his eyes wider, for Na-quape was holding the mouthpiece toward him.

The pipe was very old and without question very dirty, and Blantyre's lips that clung so tenaciously to his briar lifted instinctively. He could not guess that he was asked to share in a ceremonial that was pregnant with meaning to every red man.

He only knew that the thing was to him unseemingly filthy, and just as he was about to imperil the life of every white settler in the country, the sergeant whispered: "Take it, sir, for God's sake take it."

So the deputy took it and drew a whiff of acrid smoke, while tense sinews relaxed and invisible short guns were laid softly down beneath draped blankets by the silent semi-circle on the grass.

Then Na-quape, speaking to Joe Greensky, held his luminous gaze on Blantyre and said:

"It is well that you smoked, but you sent for me as you send for a dog. You may be a great man from far off, but am I not a great man in my own country? So speak."

Blantyre began wrong. There was no question about that, and the sergeant saw it.

"Don't be foolish," he said petulantly. "I represent the great white queen, whose servants we are. The land is hers, and—"

Na-quape waved a magnificent arm, "You say this land is hers?"

Blantyre nodded. He was getting very impatient. He was full of ancestral conception of Kaffirs and Hindoos, and it did not appear seemly that his hearth should have so much to say. He saw no reason to distinguish between brown and black and red men. He was racially color-blind.

"Look here, Na-quape, or whatever your name is," he said sharply. "Either you take treaty or you don't." Joe Greensky turned to stare at him round-eyed, but he blundered on. "If you take it, you will be well looked after. Money and reserves of your own and all that sort of thing, and if you don't, look out for yourself."

He settled back in his chair angrily and waited for the interpreter, but the whole Indian Department could not have made the French halfbreed render that speech, so he stammered and staked. And into the gap came Na-quape, very quiet, very lofty, but with a thin thread of passion in his voice that ran through the semi-circle like quicksilver.

"Am I a child that you speak thus? Who gave the white queen this land? My father's father hunted here and his father before him."

Then Blantyre, with a dawning comprehension of what manner of man he addressed, said carefully:

"The Queen is our mother," and hesitating a little and wondering how Makintosh would have put it, "She loves you. We are her messengers and we obey."

"Are you finished?" answered Na-quape. "Yes, speak."

Then Na-quape drew himself up and folded his arms and thundered. "My answer is, No! I hate you and I hate all white men, but you are safe with the red coats. If I came to your country where you were a free man and said, 'I will take it and give you in return the value of one beaver skin a year,' what would you say to me?"

There was a long pause and the sergeant stooped over Blantyre. "Smooth him down, sir, smooth him down. There are too few of us for this game. Say something quick."

But Blantyre's temper had the better of him, and he got up facing the hook-nosed, contemptuous chief, "I'm not here to talk rubbish."

The words snapped out viciously, needing no interpreter. Na-quape caught them. The fighting men half rose and old Bel-agisti ran forward plucking at Na-quape's robe.

Blantyre was brave, there was no question of that, and, oblivious to Na-quape and his warriors, he added angrily: "I do not deal with women."

Greensky caught the words and shot them over, because he knew that Bel-agisti had cursed him for a renegade the year before at Fort Pelly.

"You tell me you do not deal with women," snarled Na-quape, "and yet you are the messenger of a queen. You give me crooked words. Here is my answer." His great buffalo knife flashed out and up and Blantyre held his breath. Then it came down, the point clean through the table. The short gun clattered to the ground and Na-quape held out empty hands, "I will not take treaty. Now, if you dare, arrest me and bring me to the red-coats' camp in Regina."

In the tense silence that followed the two stared hard at each other, the nobleman of the east and this prince of the west. Each spurred on by pride and kinship and all that had gone before him. Na-quape's ancestors had roamed the prairies, knowing no man's law but their own, a thousand years before. Blantyre's progenitors rose from the Saxon reek and faced King John at Runnymede. By custom and order and tribal love and the passage of countless unimpeded seasons

they were free men, more free than the other and lynx and buffalo that perished at their hands, and behind him were those ready to strike at the croaking of his finger.

And opposite was Blantyre, who, conscious of something that had risen in him for the first time in all his haphazard life, saw himself for once as the representative of a conquering race. A slow bulldog fury was beginning to burn in the mind that had so long put aside duty or any thought of that noble service by which far ends of the earth have been administered for centuries by nameless Englishmen. And just as the storm was breaking the sergeant edged his way in between the two and spoke with the hard won wisdom of the ranks, "Flour, sir, bacon, sugar. Give 'em anything, but give 'em something."

Blantyre brought himself up short. He had forgotten something to the stranger in his house; and it was not so much danger which, half guessing, he did not fear, as a sudden shamed sense of hospitality forgotten. "I say," he drawled, "will you have some tea?"

Greensky shot the words over. He could say that with pleasure, and threw in a personal compliment to Na-quape that slipped uncomprehended past the others, but touched the frowning chief in the psychological place.

Bel-agisti bobbed back chattering to her women. The red man's face relaxed, and the glimmer of a smile eased the angry brows behind them.

"But I tell you I hate you," he said stubbornly, "and shall I eat with you?"

"Yes, old man, certainly. Charming, I'm sure. Have some tea," replied Blantyre with a gleam in his blue eyes. "Too hot to talk about hating."

Na-quape turned and beckoned. The crescent of fighting men rolled forward, leaving each his short gun glinting in the long grass. Closely folded blankets were laid aside and the deputy saw lean bodies, and caught the play of tireless sinews that slipped smoothly beneath the copper-colored skin. They were men, these savages, he thought. Then the women came with their skinning knives and made the feast ready, and when Na-quape had eaten, he spoke, but this time as to a man whose bread he had broken.

As Blantyre listened he became slowly aware that he was reading one of the mysteries of the world, for far back as nations go, no one of them but can trace their parentage to some ancient stock, while this wild man who talked so proudly seemed to be sprung indeed from the wild land he trod. There was a fibre in the blue-eyed Englishman that answered to this, and as he listened he learned, till out of his learning began to grow that respect shared by all who know the red man as he was before he became what his white brother made him. Blantyre had heard orators, but he had never before recognized the truth as he got it from Ne-quape. The chief laid out the pipe again, "It is the pipe of Peguis, the chief of chiefs," he said simply, and this time it did not seem so dirty to Blantyre.

Then Ne-quape rose and held out his hand in amity. "You say it is too hot for hate, and perhaps you are right. The winter is coming and then it will be too cold for hate. I cannot eat my words and I will not take treaty. But if you come again, I will be here on this day of the next year, and then we shall talk treaty."

Blantyre felt a hard palm close over his own, but something rose in his throat and he could not speak. Ne-quape mounted his horse and moved majestically into the west, behind him the fighting men and behind them trailed the women. As they came they went, austere and magnificent. He turned to the sergeant, who with his three privates was staring after the little troop, "Tention," he rapped out, "Salute."



The mode of the construction of the great dam is very clearly shown here.

JUST AS USUAL.

I took my skates from off the shelf,
Unfit for use those skates I found,
And thus I muttered to myself,
"I think I'd better have them ground."
I sent them to the shop straightway—
A shop which every skater knows—
And steadily, by night and day,
It froze!

The grinder ground, the time passed by,
At last those skates returned to me.
"Now for enjoyment!" was my cry;
"To-morrow on the ice I'll be."
To-morrow came, and then, of course,
I saw that drizzle was abroad—
Without a vestige of remorse,
It thawed!

—Anonymous.

The Bassano Dam

By

Allan A. McQueen

This is the day of big things—of remarkable plans and stupendous undertakings. Those Canadians who are not familiar with the recent progress of the Canadian West will be surprised to learn of the reclamation of half a million acres of land in that part of the Dominion by means of an irrigation plant, which is described in this interesting article. The scheme has cost a mint of money, but the Canadian Pacific is behind it, and is said to be carrying it through as a profitable business proposition.

THE principle of conservation has not only been applied to minerals, our forests, our fisheries, but also to water. The western part of the United States and of Canada owes a large proportion of its progress to irrigation—the principle of the conservation and proper distribution of the available water supply. One of the most striking things in the development of that country was the pro-

gress achieved through the aid of irrigation.

For these enlarged benefits, the agriculturists of the "dry belt" are indebted to wise legislation, but to a greater extent to the progressiveness of the railway companies, sensibly self-interested. Millions have been spent, millions are being spent in irrigation projects—making fit for culture otherwise non-tillable land.

There is, primarily, some large reservoir or source of supply, from which branch the main canals. These canals are allowed only a very slight grade in order that there shall be very little natural flow, since, of course, the only outlet is that of demand. In order to lessen the grade the canals are divided where necessary by weirs (corresponding to the locks of ship canals) which keep the water at the desired height. From these canals radiate those of lesser importance serving an area of several square miles, the canals thus growing lesser and lesser in size until we come to the private ditches of a quarter-section. It is an essential point that each canal or ditch of the whole system is "gated off" from that from which it radiates. Thus there is assured distribution where and when desired, moreover allowing no waste. The canals are supervised by district "ditch-riders," to whom application must be made for water.

In view, then, of the great importance of irrigation it was a matter of peculiar interest to the writer to view the tremendous project which the C. P. R. Irrigation Department have undertaken near Bassano, Alberta—a thriving and prosperous divisional point on the mainline about 200 miles from Calgary.

This work is nothing more or less than the establishment of one of those large reservoirs to supply the eastern section of the Irrigation Block.

WHERE IT IS.

By reference to the appended topographical map, the reader will more readily understand the peculiar fitness of the location and the engineering features of the scheme.

The Bow River describes at this point a large bend shaped as a horse-shoe, the banks, as with all western rivers, rising on either side to a considerable height, owing to the erosion of the river through the prairie moraine. The course of the river is as described by the arrows. Thus by placing a dam, as shown, it is possible to raise the water in the Bow River sufficiently high to draw it off into the natural coulee, Crawling Valley. Also the coulee is being cut to the level of high water. The bank through which the coulee cuts is now about one hundred feet above the water. The ultimate grade of the coulee will be about forty feet above present water level.

The main canal is being built from the reservoir following the course of Crawling Valley for about four and one-half miles, where the coulee ends. At this point another dam is to be built—technically, a tail-pond dam—from which pond radiate the northern and southern ditches of the Eastern Irrigation Block—the feeders of countless ramifications of ditches.

The reader is now acquainted with the unique physical features of the location, and, in a broad way, with the engineer-



The western portion of Horse Shoe Bend, where the north dam ends.

ing difficulties which are being overcome. What is vastly more interesting is to know how these were coped with.

HUMAN ACTIVITY AT THE DAM.

Words can hardly give an idea of the scene of animation at the dam. Far up Crawling Valley extended the huge ditch, paved with a mystifying maze of temporary tracks and side switches. At first, amid the clatter and bustle of it all, there

seemed merely an "olla podrida" of noise and hustle, but gradually the "modus operandi" became apparent. The operations first started at the steam shovel. Like great leviathans, passing their exhaust steam, with clattering of chains and shrieking of whistles, they tolled and tore at the never-ending wall of rubble in front of them. The "cut" is then loaded from the shovel upon the waiting train of dump cars, with their



The eastern end of the Bend where the dam begins. Note the entrance to Crawling Valley above the grade of the river.



At work in the ditch. About 80,000 miles of track have been laid.



Showing the progress attained into this summer. The dam will be completed in the spring of 1912.

yawning maws. The trains as loaded, are then drawn by old-fashioned antediluvian work-engines rattling and bumping down the ditch, over the trestle, far across the valley to be eventually dumped where desired as part of the dam. Thus robbing the ditch to pay the dam.

A MONSTER TRESTLE.

The trestle is one of the most interesting features. In its construction alone has been used over five million feet of lumber. The length is something over a mile and a quarter. Temporary, as far as actual use goes, it, however, affords facile and quick transit for the work trains across the river and, being in all its length, very little above the level of Crawling Valley ditch, there is no grade in the haul—a tremendous saving of work. The other very evident advantage is that, being higher than the ultimate crest of the dam, the rubble is absolutely disposed of in one handling.

The valley at the head is one and one-eighth miles wide. Across this stretches the earth embankment, which is, approximately seven thousand two hundred feet in length. The base will be three hundred and fifty feet in width with a crest of fifty feet. The whole structure when finished will contain nearly one million cubic yards of gravel. Its upper surface

will be paved with boulder concrete—reinforced concrete slabs. When finished it will back the river up for about twelve miles and provide water to irrigate about five hundred thousand acres.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FLOODS.

The spillway built in the existing river channel will regulate the amount of water to be retained in the reservoir, and act as a safety valve in the event of floods. This spillway consists of forty-eight separate gates in all, fifteen feet in width by ninety feet long by forty feet high. This structure is connected at the easterly end with the canal head gates. The total length of the weir will be about eight hundred feet, its overflow crest having a height of forty feet above which eleven feet of water may be retained by structural steel gates. It is this eleven feet of water which provides the "head" for the canal, the other forty feet of water being merely raised in order to be level with the grade of the ditch.

The spillway will contain about forty thousand cubic yards of concrete and one thousand, two hundred and fifty tons of reinforcing steel. It is interesting here to note the manner in which this concrete was placed in position. In the background of one of the illustrations will be observed a high derrick supporting aerial



A typical irrigation canal in Southern Alberta.

cables. On one of these cables is seen a traveler-pulley, from which a bucket of concrete is barely starting to lower. The concrete was mixed near the foot of the derrick, hopped, transported and finally deposited under the supervision of an engineer in the derrick engine-house. The work is being done by two contractors—one on the concrete and the other on the earth dam and ditch excavation. There are thus two construction camps—one on either side of Crawling Valley.

The camps themselves are most interesting. They are, so to speak, complete little cities. The contractors have installed a private water system and pumping station. About seven miles of pipe have been laid. The camps are both electric lighted. Sanitation is very carefully looked after. There are also blacksmith shops, machine shops, and a small foundry capable of supplying the smaller castings required for repairs.



What Women Want

By

Laura B. McCully, B.A., M.A.

It is always a perplexing problem to know what women want. With the women themselves it is often difficult to explain why. Such is not the case, however, in regard to the Suffrage movement. Not only have they shown that they want the franchise, but are now arguing the question on its merits, and are advancing reasons. The accompanying article deals with the Women Suffrage question from a Canadian standpoint. It is of interest to note that the writer, Miss McCully, was the first woman to hold an open air meeting in the interests of the suffrage movement in Canada, the gathering having taken place in High Park, Toronto, in August, 1908.

NOW that nearly every morning paper is found to contain accounts of fresh outbreaks on the part of the Suffragettes in England, discussion regarding the question waxes daily louder. The average Canadian citizen is more than shocked at the unheard-of proceedings of the militants, he is bewildered. Daily women here who profess themselves Suffragists are asked: "Why do English women do such things? Of what use is it? And what in the name of reason is the row about?"

On the other hand, women who have worked in the suffrage cause are almost too impatient to answer. They say, "Can men not see, by the very opposition which the extension of the franchise meets, how important it is? Do they not realize that the thing has been promised again and again by those in power, and the promises shamelessly broken?" When reproached with violence, the militants simply make answer that nothing else will stir the public, that their treasury was empty and their followers few in 1906, when the new methods were begun, and that now thousands flock to their standards, and thousands of pounds are subscribed at every meeting. These statements are indisputable. Holloway Gail has been a very nursery for Suffrage.

And if over and justified means in politics, then the Suffragettes stand justified of their actions, leaving out the moral question altogether.

FACTS VERSUS LAWS.

To the average citizen, and especially to the man on the street, one argument may appeal, and may also explain. It was a mind of singular perspicacity which declared that "law is anything which is boldly asserted and stoutly maintained." The whole fabric of law has been built up to embody codes which custom from time to time made general rules of conduct. The idea of crystallizing and perpetuating these rules in law came through the necessity of restraining certain members of the community who would not play the game according to the generally accepted code. With the progress of enlightenment and the development of the race, many laws became obsolete, as the custom changed. They were then altered, and whether for the better or for the worse was always a disputed point. An instance is found in the banking laws. It is a well-known fact that great fortunes here in Canada have been founded by ignoring them. This does not necessarily say that the men who did so were scoundrels.

They played the game according to the custom. They could not have competed with others had they not done so. Perhaps it is time to think rather of altering the law to suit the generally accepted rules of the game than of searching for a scapegoat.

It is precisely the same in the case of the Suffragettes. The laws say that citizens must not create disturbances in public places. Facts say that manhood suffrage was obtained by means little short of an armed uprising. Bishops were stoned, men were hanged to lamp-posts, and churches and other places burnt. "But," cries our respectable average citizen, "it's worse when women do such things. It is unlawful and revolting!"

Now in this instance, ideals are at war with facts, and it is highly improbable that facts will give way. A woman is a human being, not an ideal, and as a human being she is liable to all the ills of humanity. If their pressure upon her becomes too heavy, she must throw it off or perish. Her sex is no "abracadabra" to save her from death by overwork, pestilence or accident. Regardless of the nice feelings of nice people, it is a fact that in England conditions are such as to reduce a great body of women to a state far lower than that of any animal.

There is no particular reason why a woman whose life is spent between child-bearing under adverse circumstances and labor in a sweatshop should be either too refined or timid to throw stones at windows. Her disabilities, over and above those of men of the same class, are such as would warrant her in trying to improve her position at the nomenclator's mouth. Such cases are legion in England, and women who are fighting them, however better placed in the social scale, cannot but feel that the deplorable condition justifies radical methods, for "law is anything which is boldly asserted and stoutly maintained."

However, it is not the purpose of this article to defend the methods of the Suffragettes. Despite persistent press misrepresentation it is a well-known fact that they met with violence before they tried it. Their conduct neither needs, nor would space permit, of an apology here.

BREAKING INTO TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

Rather are Canadians interested in the causes and objects of the agitation in this

country. Since the conditions above described do not prevail in Canada, why do women want the ballot? Do they, indeed, want it, as a body?

There is one form of oppression from which women suffer here as elsewhere, but that will be dealt with later. The two queries can be better answered by examining the cause of the movement than in any other way. To many persons it may be a surprise to learn that it had its birth in the controversy over the admission of women to the University of Toronto. In the early eighties application for the privilege of entering the medical faculty was made by Mrs. Emily Stowe. After a lengthy conflict she was refused. She challenged the Senate with the ultimatum, "You may refuse to admit women now, but the day will come when these doors will swing open to every female who may choose to apply." Professor McGill retorted that it would not be in his time, but he lived to see the statement a fact.

Mrs. Stowe was compelled to go to New York for her degree, and after returning, was harassed in her practice, till at last the all-powerful Medical Council decided to permit her to carry on her profession in peace. She then began an active agitation for the admission of women to the University and for the ballot. Not many years later the first demand was granted. In view of the facts narrated, it is surprising to find University of Toronto women who repudiate Suffrage loudly, thus scorning the pit from which, as far as academic standing goes, they were digged.

Now that higher education has been achieved, the objective has changed. Women now look for the right to exercise their training in the fields of civic, provincial and national affairs. They have obtained the civic franchise, and only one logical step remains, for to gain the Provincial ballot will mean the Dominion, according to the terms of Confederation.

There are two fundamental laws of human nature which go far towards explaining why women want or ought to want the franchise. First, the human being desires to do; secondly to do in company with other human beings. Bask a child in the first of these and he becomes an idiot, in the second and you make him a rask individual. By the old state of affairs woman was cut off from doing in the field of thought, hence her mental inferiority,

now rapidly becoming a tradition. She was cut off from physical doing, that is, from sports and athletics, hence her physical usefulness, now also disappearing. But she remains cut off from political doing, till, with some show of truth, Mr. Kipling and others accuse her of lacking a sense of abstract justice and how to govern. The attitude of these people is just as reasonable as if they should mock a man for not seeing while they forcibly held him blindfolded.

It is interesting to observe how admission to the University was followed by heightened interest in the Suffrage cause. Dr. Stowe's daughter, now Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, entered the medical course as a veritable pioneer. She was a sensitive girl of tender age and unusual ability, and her career was one long struggle which to this day she recalls with nervous dread. What medical women of Ontario owe to her cannot be estimated. Young as she was, upon her fell the brunt of insults from students and opposition from the faculty in forms hardly tellable in a magazine article. She and her cause emerged triumphant, but somewhat dubious regarding the chivalry of man, and more Suffragist than ever.

From this time forward the women realized that however important education and the emancipation of the body, no human being is complete without the legal status of a citizen, and that the absence of citizenship entails on a mature, rational, paying subject all sorts of obligation without corresponding rights and privileges. Redress of grievances is hard to obtain. Frequently women cannot be efficient as mothers or wives without the franchise. They may clean their homes, but every broom wails in germs from a neglected alley. They may scold out milk-bottles, but they cannot prevent the dispensing of tubercular milk.

A MISSION OF CONSERVATION.

The fundamental difference between the two sexes is one reason why both are needed to govern. Man makes everything else, but woman makes man. Each cares for his or her product supremely. Man is delighted with his sixteen-story building or his invention. His creation is dear because of what it cost him in sweat and sorrow. So woman cares for her child.

In an ideal state there would be perfect adjustment between these two principles, but as it is, woman remains politically unrepresented. As a result, in the body politic, there is great emphasis on property and a corresponding disregard of human life. Yet without man there could be no wealth, and the true unit of value is not an acre nor a dollar, but the average man.

Women protest when this great fundamental truth is disregarded. Sometimes they do it merely at the promptings of their sure instinct. But many do it in the light of knowledge. Every day some instance more or less flagrant occurs. Workmen are buried in the debris of dynamiting the road of a new railway, and no one troubles to dig out the bodies, dead or alive. A prospective mother is condemned to death, and women are obliged to reiterate their appeals for the sake of the unborn, innocent child, while men in high places delay, till all that society can do to blast that already shadowed future is done past repair.

There is a great field of political work waiting for Canadian women. First of all, there is the slum in the heart of the city. This is distinctly a house-cleaning problem, and one which men are constitutionally unfit to handle as women are to leave coal. Without the franchise women have to do the double work of finding out what reforms are needed and then of cajoling, urging and begging from door to door for the needful votes. This is quite a familiar sight during the last two decades, and one very cogent reason why women want the vote.

During the great Women's Parliament, (The International Council), held at Toronto University in the summer of 1909, suffrage held the centre of the floor. Meetings were packed whenever it was mooted, and enthusiasm insured. Lady Aberdeen declared herself once and for all in favor, and presided at a meeting in Convocation Hall over a house filled to capacity. Unanimously and amid plaudits, delegates of all nations gave their adherence to the Suffrage Cause, and agreed that the franchise was indispensable to all progression. There is no time to do the work and canvass for votes as well. Many problems are of a nature in which men take absolutely no interest and will not go to the polls for.

SUFFRAGE AND PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

During the present provincial campaign, suffrage will have something to say, though not so much as its friends could wish. Mr. Rowell, the Liberal leader, promised to speak to the question at his meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto. He forgot to do so, as he later assured the Liberal women who had asked this concession and expected it, on the ground of loyal Liberal partisanship.

On the other hand, there has been talk of Sir James Whitney presenting the question to his cabinet. As the Suffrage Society in Ontario includes some ardent conservatives, this would seem no unprecedented stretching of generosity. It will be remembered that Sir John A. Macdonald gave manhood suffrage, a precedent which Sir James may well follow. At the outset, it cannot be too much emphasized that this particular extension of franchise is by no means opposed to fundamental Conservative principles. The reason for opposition to extensions in England was one of reasonable doubt as to the advisability of throwing into the field a great number of uneducated voters of the lower class. Statistically, the women of Ontario are better educated than the men. Provincial politics are no harder than the differential calculus or counterpoint,—not so hard if one may judge by the occasional inspired utterances of back-benchers here in the Legislature, utterances in which they quite transcend all rules of grammar, rhetoric, or exactness in regard to facts.

There is one type of opposition which promises to prove a serious obstacle. Certain liquor interests look on the enfranchisement of women as their death-knell. Their conclusion is fallacious and ungrounded. Many temperance workers are Suffragists, but the reverse does not follow. In this case there is an extreme probability that the matter would be placed in *status quo* at once. Whatever private views on Temperance, it should be understood once for all that the questions have no logical connection whatever, and that differences of opinion exist inside as well as outside the Canadian Suffrage Society on the subject of how best to discourage drunkenness.

While this difficulty is only a seeming one, there is another which must be met

in a very different spirit. It is the greatest menace of civilization to-day, and it concerns women as does no other problem. Furthermore, they can solve it, and they alone. It will be remembered how, but a few weeks since, San Francisco itself went against suffrage, while the state of California as a whole gave it a good working majority, adding another white star to the "free" states. The country sections backed the women solidly, but against them the Chinamen voted "en masse," and so did every interest involved in the white slave traffic, of which "Trisco" is a centre.

SUFFRAGE AND THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Those interests fear and hate enfranchisement of women, and Suffragists fear and hate them, and mean to destroy them root, stock and branch. The degradation of women as a systematic, commercial enterprise is not to be tolerated by those advocating their enfranchisement. It is the evil that weighs heaviest upon the female sex, that disgraces it, that threatens its present status, such as it is, Private immorality must take care of itself, but the nefarious syndicate, the cadet and the keeper of a house with barred windows and a lime-pit in its cellar are not to be paralleled in the whole history of the world as they exist to-day in Christian countries. Infinitely better off were the black chattels of the south than these wretches of our own color and race. Up-to-date men have chosen to ignore the alarming statistics of the growth of the number of degraded and also of missing women. This is the first of all reasons why women want the vote.

Many more interests are involved in this traffic than is commonly supposed. Those who desire to exploit labor to the last penny are interested. It is financially impossible for an increasing number of men to marry, owing to industrial conditions. Now, the instinct to mate is as fundamental as the instinct to eat, and revolution would follow in six months if it were denied. Hence, the necessity of higher wages or of keeping up the supply of white slaves.

This is becoming more and more difficult because of the spread of enlightenment among women. As a result, they are trapped by sham marriages, stolen and preyed upon in various ways. The

evil of child debasement is increasing out of all due proportion, and the average age of the "woman" of no character is below twenty and sinking constantly.

In spite of these appalling facts, we find "respectable" people who are willing to let houses at exorbitant prices and ask no questions, churches that are content to own such property, and an entire community which declines to ask itself how dividends are made. And, strange as it may seem, there innocent and honorable persons whose living proceeds from such sources. As a result, touch a brick, and the whole fabric collapses. This is another flagrant case of the injustice of putting laws on the statute books and then ignoring them for a century or so. Nevertheless, reform knows no compromise in a case like this.

It is well understood that the granting of the ballot to women is followed by legislation raising the age of consent and penalizing nefarious traffic. Because the victim's life is never safe, and sure to be cut short, the keeper who holds or conspires to hold any woman or child against her will, for immoral purposes, should be subject to the death penalty. It is impossible to estimate the damage to the community, over and above the victim. Till recently the death penalty was meted out for rape, a crime which by comparison seems far more excusable, since less deliberate and less destructive.

Again, laws obstructing a woman's right to sell herself, if she choose, should be rescinded, leaving only such clauses as provide for orderly conduct in public places. It is not possible to make men or women good by Act of Parliament. The sooner the unfit eliminate themselves, the better for humanity. Most important of all, removal of dead-letter hypocrisical regulations would leave the cadet and the Tammany Hall politician minus an occupation. And a chief source of revenue. These persons make fortunes by affording legal and political protection at exorbitant prices to women of no character. This gives them a direct monetary interest in the degradation of the community.

Like all other politicians, the Suffragists have found it necessary to supply "casus belli." They are preparing a platform whose planks include many of the

projects outlined. This platform will shortly be presented to the public.

UNEQUAL LAWS IN CANADA.

Recently, while electioneering, a suffrage worker encountered the old cry, "Women's place is the home." No doubt this is an inspired utterance, but if so, it is a pity in a monogamous community like ours that at least a million more women than men should insist upon arriving at years of maturity. This is the case in the British Isles, and, they now say, in America also. Indubitable as it is, the fact remains, and there is nothing for the extra women to do but work. Nor can anyone reproach them, for only a Mormon elder secretly indulging in "new polygamy" can, with any consistency assail them with the historic phrase just quoted.

In our Canadian West, women are now fighting for the right to take up government land. They are landless, while their brothers, working not one whit harder, may take up what they need. The steam plow and similar devices make a woman of ordinary hardihood as efficient at field-work as a man. The West is increasingly full of women farmers. Why this injustice to them?

Again, a western wife has no claim, whatever, on her husband's estate. When we consider what taking up land in pioneer districts involves on the woman's part, as well as the man's, the injustice seems inexcusable. It is useless to talk of woman's place being the home if her husband may sell the product of their joint labors over her head, and abscond, leaving her penniless.

The recent struggles of women lawyers to establish their right to register, graduate and practice in Ontario are an example of the prejudices which still persist, and the disadvantage at which women's inferior political status places her.

Recently, in the Province of Quebec, a man died after considerable length of illness, during which his wife, who was then pregnant, faithfully nursed him. It was stipulated that several months should pass before the opening of his will. During that time the child was born. It was found that the father had bequeathed sole guardianship of that babe to his own father. The law upheld the will, and a turmoil of indignation of all decent people was neither here nor there.

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM.

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new, and God fulfils himself in many ways." Till the world shall pass away, the vast majority of women will prefer the making of men to any other occupation whatever. There is no danger of empty nests. But the way should be made easier and the calling dignified by a full and honorable citizenship. It cannot be overlooked that the home is made tenable or the reverse by laws and customs which prevail in the community. As for the exceptional, the great women, the world misses their services every day.

It is well to recall how Elizabeth saved and Victoria prospered England. Farther back the tradition goes to those splendid, boastful words of Deborah, of how village and field was laid waste "till I arose"—I, Deborah, a woman in Israel.

THE GLIMPSE

Sometimes, in youth,
When Spring's hid-music sets the blood aflame,
A voice from out the inmost heart of Life
Calls us by name.
And, in a flash, before our startled sight,
Of Beauty's self the uttermost, ultimate height
Stands forth revealed in light!

It is not lost!
That glimpse of winged splendor in Life's morn
Though sought and found not through maturer years.

Is not forever gone!
But, as a glory in the west appears
Where all was grey.
So, ere our shin-again thread be worn away,
Who knows but, through the mist of gathering tears
In dying eyes,
The ineffable vision of an earlier day
Once more may rise?

—By Helen Power.

Escorts:

The Right and the Wrong Way of Receiving the Governor-General

By

Brian Bellasis

In view of the fact that H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught will be visiting many Canadian centres during his regime as Governor-General, the question of "escorts" becomes an important problem in arranging civic receptions. That the public is not well versed in the procedure to be followed on such occasions was amply demonstrated on the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess to Toronto, where the so-called "procession" which included the aldermen with plug hats met with severe criticism. In this article the writer discusses the character and duties of escorts, and tells of the right and the wrong way of receiving the Governor-General.

WHEN the President honors a small American town with his presence, there is usually a motley turnout of all the bands, fire brigades and near-military splendor of all kinds that the place can muster. The President's carriage is the most splendid that the local livery can provide; imposing horse horses are requisitioned to pull it—provided enthusiastic citizens do not perform this office themselves—and all the Sons of Temperance and volunteer hose companies and bands within miles are brought to town to march their varied steps and play their individual variations of Hail Columbia in a dusky procession with the Great Man smiling uncomfortably somewhere near the middle.

This is one of the drawbacks of too aggressive democracy. In Canada where we act democracy rather more than we talk it we order these things better. There are fixed and proper rules to be observed when meeting, greeting and escorting our great men, and thereby we escape the rag-tag-

and-bobtail effect produced when ceremonials and semi-ceremonials are left to individual lack of taste and judgment.

With real Royalty at Rideau Hall—and Royalty with a pretty extensive programme of tours and visits mapped out for it—there will be some searching of hearts and books of etiquette among the local authorities throughout Canada. But Mayors and Town Councils may take heart—everything is laid down and provided for them. They have nothing to do but see that their arrangements run smoothly down the iron rails of formulated etiquette—and when in doubt there is always a polite, omniscient A.D.C. on whom they can lay the burden of their fears and sorrows.

The results produced by iron-bound etiquette are sometimes disappointing to those whose tastes run to elephants and steam raillopes. There were some criticisms of the "procession"—which was not a procession strictly speaking—of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught



Scene during the visit of King George, then Prince of Wales, to Quebec in 1908. This shows the officers and rear guard of an escort of North-West Mounted Police.

when they visited, in their recent and first official visits to Toronto and other Canadian cities. Complaint was made that the display was "economical in appearance," and that the absence of military music and of serried ranks of brilliant uniforms deprived the entry into Toronto of the Royal Governor-General of the impressiveness it should have had.

As a matter of fact, bands and marching men—perhaps some of the critics would have liked the Knights of Damron, the Ancient Order of Moose and the Silver Cornet Band of the Amalgamated Shoe Polishers weighing in as well—would have been as out of place as would the provision of a tandem bicycle instead of a carriage for the accommodation of the royal pair. Except in the Far East royalty is not to be confused with a three-ring circus, and those Torontonians who turned out to see a circus procession were rightly disappointed.

Even in England the occasions are very few indeed when the public views royalty in its full gilded glory. Only at a Coronation is it seen at its highest splendor—and a Coronation one's loyalty prompts

one to wish to happen as seldom as possible. At the opening of Parliament a state procession is to be seen with golden coaches, twinkling escorts of guardsmen and all the rest of it, but this is practically the only annual affair in which is displayed much of the pomp associated with a "state" occasion. There are other state affairs, but they are as tame or even tamer than the reception of the Governor-General the other day.

The Toronto critics chiefly found fault with the escort—the one part of the "procession" which was absolutely faultless. The composition and arrangement of escorts of all kinds and for all occasions is rigidly laid down in the cavalry regulations and elsewhere, and provided the civil authorities do not upset matters, no commanding officer can find any difficulty in doing exactly the right thing. The rest of the criticisms were leveled—and rightly so—at the "down sea-going hacks travelling at funeral speed and filled with solemn aldermen in plug hats." But this was a civil mistake and not a military one.

The proper routine established by long experience is for a Guard of Honor to

assemble directly in front of the station or landing on which the distinguished guest arrives. In theory this guard is for the purpose of preserving order—keeping the crowd from rushing in. In practice this duty is performed by the local police. The guard is therefore drawn up facing the outlet from the station. It is made up of one hundred men on foot and their band, and is therefore usually selected in turn from an infantry or garrison artillery unit in the local district. This guard presents arms and the band plays the national anthem as a compliment. The Duke or whoever the distinguished guest may be, usually inspects the guard and thanks the captain in command. If there is a man in the ranks wearing many medals or some rare medal or a V.C. the Duke is almost certain to stop and ask him a few questions. With the departures of the Duke from the station the guard's work ends and the duty of the escort begins.

Although to the cheering crowd on the sidewalks and in the windows it may seem that the cavalymen who go bobbing and jingling by are chiefly ornamental, they have none the less a real and what may be a dangerous duty to perform. In their hands lies responsibility for the life and dignity of the Royal Personage and their

swords are carried drawn ready for instant service in his protection and one section have their carbines ready.

Quite recently there have been instances of the real necessity for an escort. The assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, for example, when the escort, if they could not prevent the tragedy, at least did something to avenge it. And again it is said that the desire to throw his bomb into the King of Spain's carriage before the body of the escorting officer was interposed caused the would-be assassin to throw too soon and thus frustrated that attempt.

Even in Canada the Governor-General's escort has been called upon to perform real defensive service and has demonstrated both by action and disgraceful inaction the real usefulness of the so-called "ornamental fringe."

This happened in the 'forties when Lord Elgin earned the hatred of the mob by giving the royal assent to the obnoxious Rebellion Losses bill. In Montreal he was attacked by the mob and pelted with rotten eggs, his escort sitting on their horses laughing at the spectacle or actually assisting the rioters, to their eternal disgrace, no matter how much they may have sympathized with the popular feel-



Escort of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, showing the formation of the escort when not in movement with the royal carriage.



The escort that was criticized. The Governor-General's escort of Royal Canadian Dragoons guarding the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their way from North Toronto to the City Hall at Toronto.

ing; they failed to carry out the duties to which they were sworn.

In Toronto, on the other hand, the Governor-General's bodyguard—although their sympathies were equally with the mob—did their duty nobly. When the rioters burned down the Parliament Buildings in Montreal, the House removed to Toronto, and it was when opening the new Parliament there that Lord Elgin was again in danger. But his escort saw him safely through the noisy and threatening crowd, as was their duty.

Thus the reminder to officers of the important nature of their duty in the regulations is no empty form of words: "The officer in command of an escort has a most important duty to perform; he is at all times immediately and solely responsible for the safety of the Royal Personage and his place cannot be supplied by anyone not belonging to the escort, and he must on no account be interfered with by any other officer."

The officer in command of an escort is placed where his royal charge may be under his personal protection. He rides "near the door of the Royal carriage on the side on which the principal Royal Personage is seated"—usually, of course, on the right. On the opposite side rides the officer next in seniority, the bodies of both these officers being in a line with the carriage window, and on no account may they quit their posts while the carriage is occupied. In this position they are not only in the best place to defend the distinguished occupant of the carriage with their swords, but also to screen him from distant attack, and confuse the aim of the thrower of a missile—as in the case of the King of Spain already quoted.

The Governor-General's escort consists of three officers and thirty-five non-commissioned officers and men, and is used at practically all times, even on such state occasions as the opening of Parliament.

In fact, when one looks at a plan of an escort one sees that it is a scientifically designed little fighting machine. It has been so since those days when the King traveled surrounded by a miniature army, ready to flush ambushed enemies along the road and to rally round the royal coach in proper order of battle.



In front ride two men, the van guard, who act as scouts along the road, and who can communicate anything suspicious that they notice to their sergeant, fifty yards behind them. Behind him again is the first detachment of the advanced guard, whose duty it is to supply men to protect the flanks when danger arises and to check the first rush of an attack. The second advanced detachment and the detachments of the rear guard form round the carriage, the last and strongest line of defence. Immediately behind the carriage is the standard and the trumpeter, marking the rallying point. And in every escort the same plan is carried out to the degree that the size

or the body of men allows. Though when it comes down to the single guardsmen who rides beside the carriage of the Speaker of the House of Commons on state occasions, the escort becomes a fighting machine which depends more on the strength of its good right arm than on its scientific organization.

The Field Officer's Escort—so called because an officer above the rank of captain is in command—is that which is employed to escort the Sovereign on occasions of full state. It consists of a field officer, two captains, four subalterns, two sergeant-majors, eight sergeants, two farriers, one trumpeter and ninety-six men.

The next most elaborate escort is that which usually guards foreign sovereigns when visiting the King. In this case a captain is in command and under him are two subalterns and fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and men.

A "Captain's Escort" is the one most frequently seen, being employed when the King needs escort on occasions of semi-state. Naturally the smaller the escort the more capable it is of rapid movement, and the big escorts of state occasions are suitable only for the slow and stately walk at which such processions move.

Of course when there is more than one distinguished person in a procession it becomes a far more spectacular affair than in the case of a single royalty. Then, of course, each royal personage has his individual escort, with the result that the carriages are sandwiched between little enclaves of military splendor.

For an escort "à la huss" one must visit for a coronation. In a sense the whole procession is an escort, but even that immediately surrounding the great state coach is as far above ordinary escorts as the coronation is above other ceremonies.

There is a right and wrong way to do everything, and when one is dealing with royalty one cannot be too particular in choosing the right. The Duke of Connaught moreover has a reputation for strictness in these matters, and is as likely to object to being treated as a circus quite as much as he would to being shorn of the honors properly due to him.

Public Opinion

What are the Strongest Factors in Molding its Expression and Sentiment ?

By

Frederick Greyson

Public opinion is the driving power of the nation. It makes and unmakes laws, saves criminals from the gallows, hurries others up the steps of the scaffold and ordains our relations with our national neighbors and with our government. But how is it made? What are the strongest forces in the making of it? After a careful study of the subject the writer of this article has attempted to trace to their sources the various influences which from time to time have played their part in molding the expression of the nation. The question makes an interesting study.

PUBLIC opinion is the driving power of any democratic nation. No group of people living under democratic conditions and under the one form of Government have really the right to call themselves a nation until it can be said of them that there are common interests, common matters of debate, in short, common matters of public opinion among them. In some respects it might be said that a nation is no greater than the strength of its public opinions.

But if public opinion is the driving power of a nation, both in its external and internal affairs, there is something behind public opinion again. What makes public opinion? How does it grow? Answer these questions in detail and apply them skillfully to any one nation, and you will prove yourself to be of great value to any political party, to any great Foreign office, to any great advertising company. The man who can make public opinion and the man who can read it, who can guess what will be its attitude on this or that, is a clever man.

It was once commonly believed that the

press and the pulpit and the platform made public opinion. This is not utterly so. In Canada there have been some changes in the policies of the newspapers, which tend to keep them abreast of modern progress and to maintain their efficiency as makers of public opinion, but the vast majority of journals in this country have stood by the old-fashioned methods, and have lost power. The rabid party newspaper no longer carries the weight that once it carried. There are not so many rabid partisans, and those who are not partisans are more apt to be alienated from a party which is too zealously and narrowly-mindedly supported. Canadians have come to look upon the party organs, in a great many cases at least, as being merely inspired politicians. The Liberal would not more consider any charge made against his party by a rabid Conservative paper than a Conservative would believe all the defenses, however good, that might be set up by the paper of the other party.

The pulpit and the platform have suffered in the same way that the press in Canada has suffered. Partisan zeal makes

the intelligent man, who wishes to be informed, wary. It is getting to be so now-a-days that the layman searches for the motives underlying any ardent exhortation: he has been taught to suspect the willingness of interests; he has learned to dislike the mere airing of prejudices based upon old traditions: he knows that in Canada, as yet, there is not any fundamental difference between one political party or another: to vote against a good issue or a Government which was giving good service merely because it happened to be of a brand of politics he did not approve of, is no longer the fashion. The mental attitude of the Missourian, and his constant yearning to be shown makes the old party appeal, the old appeal to prejudice and tradition, almost obsolete in Canada to-day.

There used to be a woman in one of the rich counties of Ontario, who—so Sir John Macdonald and his supporters are said to have believed—could make the public opinion of that county just as she wished. What she willed the county did, and—was a master of great concern to the politicians of that day. In her prime she had been rather a comely matron, and lived with her husband, a well-to-do Englishman who was interested in mills and farm land, in a big house in the county centre. The husband was an affable sort of man, a good business man and well-liked in a thousand different ways; but in politics he had no voice. No one cared what he thought, or said or did.

On the other hand his wife, who was equally popular, wielded the enormous influence of which I have spoken. Her house was open at all times to all the visitors that ever came to the town. The wives of the farmers who came to town to serve on the jury or attend Quarterly meeting had not completed their stay until they had "dropped in" to the house of the most respected woman in the county, and had a piece of her latest cake or her best tea. As for the woman herself, she made it her business to see that she missed none of them. She knew each family and its troubles. She understood the temperaments of almost every man—through his wife—and of every woman, through her conversation, and to these people she dispensed the knowledge of men and affairs and issues, as they came to the public eye. Every traveling stranger passing through

the county was bound to be a guest at that house. The affable husband passed the cigars after dinner and appeared to be guiding the conversation, but in reality the quiet modest woman who sat back on the old-fashioned furniture—which was not old-fashioned in those days—was securing material for her own mind, and for the whole county. Her shrewd appraisal of men and motives, her utter indifference to what might have been her own interests, made her a very autocrat. The simple advice or argument which she gave to the farmer's wife, the public spirit which she seemed able to evoke in the breasts of the most ignorant and stolid made her a power to be feared.

The politicians came to her once with an offer to make her husband the candidate for that riding but she, through the husband, refused.

"But," said the husband, mildly protesting, after he had carried out the request of his wife. "I tell you the truth, Martha, I wouldn't mind having that nomination. Look at the chance it would give me to have some influence in the affairs of this country—" He knew her weakness for that sort of an appeal, but she, on the other hand, knew him.

"John," she said, "you stay out of politics. You know perfectly well that you can make money better than any one else in this town. Leave the politics to me. If you don't believe that we have our share in the public life of the country watch the coming election. Mr. ——— is going to be defeated."

"What?"
"He is going to be defeated."
"But he has an enormous majority, and the Conservatives have been in power five years in this country for years —"

"They are going to lose this time. Mr. ——— has been neglecting his opportunities and more than that —"

She explained the rest piece by piece, but that does not matter. The point is, that, after she had driven thirty miles to a certain big city in Upper Canada, through the woods where the wolves howled at night and over roads that would daunt the modern automobilist, and after she had obtained there, in sundry innocent conversations with unsuspecting politicians who had been invited there to meet her by her hostess the judge's wife, she went into the election, armed with

Spanish bun, raspberry vinegar and tea, and convinced the women of that county that Mr. ——— must be defeated. She set public opinion against him. And defeated he was. She was not a scandal monger nor a busy-body; but a wonderful woman for whom men and women alike held affection and respect. When she died the whole county wore cedar sprays out of remembrance, and the cemetery was black with the best people of those counties.

Public opinion is not made in this way now-a-days, although individuals may exercise influence to a certain extent. There is less disinterestedness than was the case with the woman in the above incident. People in these times who can use their influence, use it to further their own ends or to gratify their own prejudices, more often than not. But even so, the ambition to make public opinion, in no matter how small sphere, has given way in most cases to the ambition to be able to read it. The "Weather Cock" is a necessary adjunct to each party. Sometimes it is the leader of the party himself. Sometimes it is merely a humble follower. But no matter how humble, if he is a good "weather cock" he is insured for life, as a member of that party.

When the present government was in opposition two years ago there was a certain member of that party whom almost everyone in the party hated with a long lasting hatred, and yet, they were compelled to let him in to the caucus. For he was a good weather-cock. This man was forever trying to "knife" someone. He could not be relied upon in anything unless it was something that furthered his own interests. He was scarcely ever true to a friendship and he was forever making speeches that embarrassed the party. But partly because he owned a newspaper and partly because he was a good indicator of public opinion, the party retained his services, and paid for them in many a bitter moment.

This man could be depended upon to foresee what would be the popular moves in the eyes of the "herd." He could size up a bill and measure just about what success its passage would give to the government in improving its standing in the eyes of the people. He could be relied upon to prescribe amendments that would reflect credit upon the amendment. If he

had had any sense of personal honor, had he had any "balance," he might have been the leader of that party. But he had not. He was merely the weather-cock of public opinion.

You can, as I said before, secure a fairly valuable side-light upon the strength of a nation by studying the strength of its public opinion. Public opinion in Russia is muzzled: One must leave Russia out of the question. Public opinion in Spain does not exist. That is to say, there are a thousand communities with a thousand different public interests, but there are few common public interests. There is scarcely any public opinion common to all of Spain. All that holds Spain together is a throne, force of arms, geographical accident, and a very weak race instinct. It is hard to arouse the Spanish people on the question of education in that country. They may indeed respond to an appeal to war, but then that is the simplest and easiest sort of an appeal to address to such a people, so slipshod in their appreciation of business principles. The United States has probably as strong public opinion as any nation of its size. In other words, the American people will respond en masse when an appeal is made to them.

The closer knit the interests of a country are the stronger the display of public opinion in that country. It is the intermingling of interests, and that position of common ideals that make a national spirit. The more diversified the interests the weaker the public opinion is liable to be. England is close knit. England has been a completed nation for centuries. Her interests have grown more and more together until the national fabric of England is like a piece of steel. Touch Manchester and the vibration travels swiftly through the whole frame of the nation and makes it quiver from end to end. Public opinion befiles in an instant if Lancashire is threatened with industrial menace. A show of trade hostility against a single county in England calls forth the resentment of the whole country, so closely are its interests interwoven. But in Canada it is like pounding sand to try to convince the British Columbian of the grave danger in which the Maritime provinces stand in regard to their economic, and even political welfare. It would take dynamite to rouse Winnipeg to a sense of

Quebec's needs. It would require a crowbar to oust Toronto from its own self-interestedness and abstract hobbies. Canada is young. She is a nation only in so far as her various areas are under one government and one flag. But the races are different and the interests are different. It is hard to rouse public opinion in Canada except perhaps upon some old appeal to prejudice or tradition. If the enactment of some new tariff law by, say, Germany, affects the economic health of New Brunswick, British Columbia, unless she is sick, largely injured, does not feel the shock. The thing which touched the eastern coast will not send its vibration through the western coast. When British Columbia was at her fever heat over the Asiatic problem the Maritime Provinces were coolly indifferent. The tremor that stirred the Pacific provinces travelled no further than the Rocky Mountain barrier—except in official despatches to Ottawa. In short, Canada is not yet tuned up to that density and senseness which makes England so perfect as a nation. The fabric is loose in Canada. There are vast gaps and open spaces. Public opinion in Manitoba can seldom leap over the barrier wilderness which lies between that province and the heart of Ontario.

In the recent reciprocity election, it is safe to say that the average man who voted, did not vote for or against reciprocity because he thought it would be of advantage or disadvantage to the whole country. He could look upon the matter only locally, or provincially. Some parts of Canada wanted it; others did not. Those for whom it would have meant better trade conditions voted for it without stopping to consider the rest of the country, and those who were adversely affected, reversed their. No one could expect anything else, for in Canada the thousand interests which are scattered over the Dominion from coast to coast, have not been long enough in juxtaposition to grow together. There are business interests here which should not be here; they are not naturally adapted to this country. There are others which should be here which have not yet grown up. Some day Canada's varied business interests will have grown together so that what hurts one hurts all and what helps one helps all. Until that day comes the national fabric of Canada is not yet complete. The sense of oneness is not

here, and a healthy public opinion is missing.

A war, as everybody knows, is the best thing that can happen to some nations. A war forces the varied interests of a nation together, makes them fight together. Let some nation merely raise its hand against Canada and Canada will coalesce like a flash into a solid body. But peace lends itself to expansion. Only those parts of the British Empire which feel the menace of another nation's envy and covetousness, are really prepared for the Imperialism which is being talked of so much. Canada does not feel any shadow brooding over her at night, any greedy hand reaching out for her territory. But when she does, Imperialism will leap up within her like a flame, not because she merely wishes protection, but because she will feel common interest, a brotherhood among her people. When the whole Empire sees some threat impending, then, and I venture to say, then only, will the scattered parts fly together like atoms of steel to a magnet, and stand clustered against all-comers, instinct with the common interest, and common public opinion.

Of course, on any single issue, as in the case of reciprocity, the nation expresses itself, and the verdict of the majority is said to be due to public opinion. As a matter of fact it is due to various combinations of local opinion. Given a political subject upon which an expression of opinion is required, the result, in a Canadian election is a combination of what the leading cities think, and what the rural districts think. The country does not speak as a whole, divided only upon some great underlying principle such as Liberalism or Conservatism, but as a collection of interests.

In this consensus of interests each city plays its part. Montreal, aside from the French who are more or less under the sway of the Church, is interested in the preservation of east and west trade routes, in the maintenance of the banks, and in the doing of those things which confirm the confidence of the English investor in Canadian enterprises. Montreal, although it has so much tradition, is swayed less by tradition than is Toronto. Toronto is forever digging up the photograph of some remarkable old gentleman who owned a wind-mill or a distillery or something else and who was quite a man "back in

the fifties." Toronto is always remembering what sort of a house grand-uncle's grandfather used to live in, and who it was that so-and-so's brother's wife's grand-mother ran away with from boarding school. Toronto is Conservative because it is "gentle" to be Conservative, and so she places herself, election after election, in the hands of whatever gentleman happens to have control of the Tory machine in that city.

It is true that all the cities are Conservative but Toronto is worse than the others. The others may vote for Mr. Borden consistently and yet have some spark of Liberalism in their make-up, but Toronto emanates Toryism. Her influence upon the surrounding counties is decidedly Tory, despite the *Globe*. Winnipeg is a slightly Americanising influence in Canada. Her hotels are places where the passing Canadian gets the germ of westernism, slightly tinged with Milwaukee-St. Paul-and-Chicagoism. Vancouver and Victoria affect public opinion in opposite ways. Vancouver tends to make one a Conservative with Radical leanings; Victoria to make one a Liberal with Conservative leanings.

I think that Vancouver and Montreal will be the two first cities in Canada to obtain the truly national spirit. The reason for thinking this is of course perfectly obvious; they are the most metropolitan of the cities, almost cosmopolitan. Upon them is focussed, to a greater or less extent, the attitude of the outside world. They are the ones who receive the strangers, and who are being thereby constantly reminded by the attitude of the strangers, that Canada after all is recognised by the outsider at least as a whole, no matter how much broken up it may appear to be in the eye of the Canadian. Not only are outside influences focussed upon these two cities, but the inside influences as well. In them, therefore, we may first look for the growth of true national spirit, truly representative public opinion.

Tales of wretched administration of public funds and stories of scandal in the lives of public men, do not play such a successful part in the making of public opinion in Canada as some gifted politicians seem to think. Of course, such facts as that a Government has wasted money on a piece of public work, or that the Honourable Mr

Blink, Minister of Bottles and Corkscrews, is known to lend a disolute life, are all good campaigning material, and must not be neglected by the party worker, or the speaker on the platform. But the wise men of the parties know that these things after all count for very little, except in so far as they irritate the accused Government, draw their fire, and demonstrate to the country that the Government has been in power too long and needs changing. To be perfectly honest with ourselves, the "herd," as the mass of voters are sometimes called by the contemptuous political "herders," are not so set against dissipation and wastefulness as they sometimes pretend. After all, the world loves a good-natured rogue, and does not forget that many a great statesman or hero has had his little foibles—the decomposition of genius. As for extravagance, so long as times are good, and there is not direct taxation as in England, few people, except the fogies and the real students, pay any attention.

Public opinion is swayed by a figure—a man. Canadians are too busy making money or tending their investments to take the time which they should take to watch public expenditures and public policy. When it touches their purses they look up and howl, when it touches some underlying sentiment or prejudice they may be roused, but nine times out of ten they will follow—a figure. The eye appreciates a man five times as easily as the ear appreciates a tariff argument. A Laurier or Whitney could command allegiance where other men would be howled out of town if they presented the same proposals.

This is not a good thing. It indicates a laziness on the part of the electorate which is not desirable. Yet, somehow or other, these figures, such as Whitney and Laurier, command well, and seem to lead well, for a time at least. It is great issues that begot great men; not great men that begot great issues. When public opinion in Canada comes to be a truly national thing, when localism and provincialism are lessened, then Canada will have greater issues and great men. And if they are truly great men they will not try to guess public opinion in advance and act accordingly to their own advancement. But they will lead public opinion, press, pulpit, platform and all.



By James Grant

Are our theories of vacation correct? Here's a writer who holds they are sometimes wrong. Do Canadians take their vacation at the right time from the standpoint of recreation and business? This article on "Winter Vacation as an Investment" presents the whole problem in a new light and is well-calculated to induce the people of the Dominion to give it some thought with a view to reaping the utmost advantage and benefit from their holidays.

OUR theories of vacation are sometimes wrong. A vacation is to be considered from two standpoints; from the standpoint of health, the recuperation of lost strength; and from the standpoint of a business investment. Some people make use of their two weeks or their month every year to go to a summer resort or a health resort, and rest—incidentally few of them really do rest; and others take the time which is at their disposal and invest it on capital account by using it to acquire new experiences, greater knowledge and freshness of viewpoint.

Looking into this question of holidays and vacations, considering the different

ways in which different people spend these periods of relaxation, one fact stands out very clearly: the average Canadian wastes his vacations as utterly as though he threw it into the waste-paper basket, because he fritters away valuable time instead of studying the whole question so as to get a maximum of service out of a minimum of vacation.

A certain Winnipeg real estate man adopted a rule of taking three weeks' holidays every year. There had been years indeed when he took no holidays whatever, because he did not believe that his business could be run without him. This is the conceit of the average successful business man of to-day; it is also his misfortune and his handicap.



Scenes in Havana, Cuba.

Through one or two nervous breakdowns, however, when his business trembled in the balance with his own health simply because he had made it so dependent upon himself, this man was compelled to admit that holidays were necessary, and he set aside the three weeks every year for his own recreation—grudgingly.

He did not know how to take a holiday. In those three weeks he used to gork himself off to a "health resort." There, for the full length of time, he played invalid. He mesmerized himself into thinking that he was a poor, exhausted wreck

of a man, whose health was delicate and who needed most careful attention. He brought his wife with him for company and amusement. He hired a sort of nurse-companion to look after him, study his diet, and give him a regular course in massages and electric baths.

As time went by, and year followed year with the same treatment, the real estate man came to be a sort of pink baby. He grew soft and liked to read the circulars which come wrapped around patent medicine bottles and which describe "symptoms." He took a great delight in buying doctor books and in prescribing



Street Along the PLAZA CUBA.

remedies for his friends. He was not ill, he would not have admitted such a thing to himself, but he had conceived a certain "duty" that he owed his family and his business, to say nothing of himself; and he interpreted it as meaning that he should spend three weeks per annum as I have described.

In five years the real estate man was on the verge of collapse. He had deteriorated into a numby-pumby. He woke one morning with a heavy cold on his chest. He thought he was about to die. He went for a doctor, and the doctor accidentally

happened to look serious. This confirmed the patient's alarm. All the cooing which he had been giving himself for the past five years began to react upon him. His imagination told him he was going to die. He felt sure of it. He called his lawyer and gave his will. He pitied himself. He gave final directions about his business and then —

Dennis, the bookkeeper, came up one morning. He wanted to see the chief.

"I'm too sick!" moaned the chief peevishly. "I cannot see him. I have left all instructions. The bookkeeper's salary is

to be raised. Tell him—when I am gone—that —"

But the bookkeeper broke into the room.

"Mr. Brown," he said, although Brown isn't the real name, "this is serious business!"

"What is?" whispered Brown, still basking in the expectation of a pleasant death with the family gathered around.

"Everybody has skipped."

"Eh?"

"Everybody has skipped with the funds!"

"What — I Oh, but I'm not well, Dennis. I'm not long for this world I'm afraid. You'll have to —"

"But I tell you, sir, you have got to get busy at once and go to Europe, or somebody'll get away. He sailed from Montreal yesterday. We just found out. He has taken almost everything with him. You have got to follow him. If we tell the police we'll hurt our credit."

Brown grew livid, then a change came over his face. He was getting excited. The lines of apathy faded out of his face, and in their place were the old hard business-like lines which had characterized Brown before he took to health resorts. The excitement brought on perspiration. It broke the only serious phase of the case—Brown's belief that he was going to die. It roused him. He got better in a twinkling, and sailed for Europe in time to catch the absconding cashier without having to make public the affair.

Two months later he arrived back in the C. P. R. station. The bookkeeper met him and they walked out through the Royal Alex.

"Say, Dennis!" exclaimed the employer, as they reached the rotunda, "I want you to tell me something. Don't I look better, and talk better and seem better all around than I ever was before?"

"You — why yes, sir, you do."

"I thought you'd say that," laughed Brown, "but as a matter of fact Dennis, I want you to know that I haven't got such a thing as *health* or *appetite* or *digestion* or *sleep* to worry about. I'm a good, sound, healthy man, and the only danger to me lies in thinking that I'm not. If ever I hear of one of you fellows in the office going to that health resort without a doctor's sworn certificate, I'll pick him up and fire him or tell him to get some new thoughts into his head—take a new job

where he'll see new things and have his attention taken from himself. That's what Europe did for me. Health resorts were killing me. With a fair amount of work and with fair salary and fair comfort, the average man doesn't need health resorts or rest cures, he needs a change. He needs to get up and see something new."

Thereafter Brown was not ill again, except with an occasional cold or a touch of rheumatism which wasn't serious. Instead of taking three weeks' holidays every year, he worked hard for two years, and then made a trip to Europe again for two months. Next time he went down to the Bahamas, then to California, to South America, and last year he went to Japan. The new ideas, the enlarged viewpoint and the freshness which these travels gave to Brown's mind have made him the most successful man in his line of business in Winnipeg. Instead of being the club bore, telling the members how to cure this and that and something else, he is the most popular man in the club, because his outlook is bigger and brighter than most of them, and he has learned to talk interestingly. More than that, whereas he had formerly been content to have just one office and do merely a local business, he now has three offices in Canada, and is rapidly building up a national business.

Now Brown's story does not apply to everyone, but it applies to a great many. It concerns clerks and school teachers, stenographers and professors, great business men and little business men. The average man was given a healthy body to start with. Even if it may not be robust, with a little common sense in using it, the owner need never have to take rest cures at summer resorts or treatments for brain fog. Doctors will tell you that most of the alleged nervous prostration and general debility which people suffer nowadays comes either from dissipation or too much application to one subject. Leaving out dissipation, it might be said that stagnant ideas cause more ill-health than a stagnant liver; narrowness of life and littleness of outlook is almost as harmful as poison, and will breed bodily ills that should ordinarily never have come. The remedy for such conditions lies in enlarging one's outlook.

This refers to the question of travel. Travel cured Brown and made him a first-



Le Palais du Prince Monaco.

class business man instead of a second-rater. Brown invested his holidays in traveling as far and wide as he could afford to go; he said it benefited his health and his business. There are others who, fortunately, have not to worry about health, to whom travel would mean increased efficiency in their work, quicker promotion and earlier success.

Consider the average young Canadian business man, the bookkeeper, the ledger-keeper in a great office, or the head of a department. He arranges to take his miserable little two weeks' holidays some time in July or August. He writes to his favorite boarding house on Lake Simcoe, buys new duck trousers, new tennis racket, running shoes, pipe-tobacco, yachting cap and dancing pumps, and ties him off on the twelve-o'clock train. He weighs himself before he leaves. He vows he will go to bed early and drink no tea—nor anything but milk. He takes a canoe with him or rents one from the boathouse at the summer resort. He picks out the prettiest girl he can find and tries to work out a good line of fun. He paddles her out on the lake in the evening and takes her for long walks. Likely as not he falls in love and gets married and there is an end of him until such time as—in the far, far future—the children have been educated and the bank account re-established. And then, perhaps, he is able to take a voyage out into the real world. But it is too late to do him the good which it might have done him earlier in life.

If he doesn't marry the first time he goes to the summer resort he does so eventually; it is only a matter of time, unless

he is a confirmed bachelor, in which case he becomes a sort of fossil, kicking about the summer resort, spoiling the fun of the couples who sit out the Tuesday night dances, and grows older and narrower every year. He is content to have gained a few pounds in weight at the end of the time. For women it is much the same. They feel, when the summer comes that they must have recreation, and this is the sort they take. It does them good, no doubt. It would never do to close up the beautiful summer resorts with which Canada abounds. But the argument we have in mind is that before the young man or the young woman falls into the regular habit of spending the usual summer holiday in the usual local summer resort, he or she should try, at least once, to make a real journey, to make a real excursion into the great outer world which lies outside the portals to the country. They should see how other people live.

There was an employer of labor in Montreal—he is dead now, and his business continues to run successfully because he was such a good employer—who believed in the value of travel. In his staff were a number of young men of varying degrees of ability. Most of them, when the usual holiday time came round, trotted off to certain favorite lakes in the Laurentians or down to the Adirondacks, where they danced and canoodled and flirted and gathered a coat of tan—if not wives. One young man came to his employer one morning and asked to be allowed to arrange his holidays in a special way.

"Well," said the employer, "how do you want to fix them?"



Route to the Pyrenees.



Eagle River Canyon, Colorado.

"I want," said the young man, "to take no holidays this year at all. I'll do without them for this year if you'll let me have a month next year."

"What do you want the month for?"

"I want to go to England."

"But a month is a pretty short trip."

"Yes, but I want to go."

"Tell me why do you want to go? Relatives? Girl? Rich uncle? What is it, Johnson?"

"None of those, sir. I want to go. I want to see what England is like."

"Very well," said the employer. "You get no holidays this year. Next year you take a month."

The young man hoarded his money and his energies. His friends told him he needed the holiday and he should take the rest for his health's sake. He said no. He knew there would be some strain upon him in working all through the sum-

mer, but he knew also that by taking judicious recreation in his evenings and at the week-ends, he could keep himself in first-class health. He did, and next summer, having saved some money, he asked for the month's holidays.

But instead of the month the employer made him an offer.

"See here!" he said, "I'll give you six weeks if you'll take those holidays this winter. A month is all very well for you, but since you have ambition enough to work two years to get a month, I'll throw in an extra two weeks if you'll take them a little later on, when there aren't so many of the staff away."

"It is very kind of you —" began the clerk.

"Not at all, retorted the employer, "if you are the kind of man I think you are. If you keep your eyes open while you are away for new ideas and so on, it is worth

my while investing another two weeks in you."

So Johnson went, and when he returned he was in a different class from the other men with whom he had worked. He had traveled first class—even though it did cost him a little more money—and in the first class he had met men and women he could never have met otherwise, at his age. He learned valuable things from some of the old business men with whom he talked in the smoking room, and—perhaps not the least of the benefits—he learned to be at ease with such people, how to approach them, and how to make small talk, which, although only minor matters, nevertheless assist in the making of a successful business man. Johnson's employer benefited by Johnson's freshened ideas, by his greater working efficiency, and by the fact that he was later able to send Johnson on important business missions among the men of the city. And Johnson was only an ordinary young business man, after all.

There is another question to be asked in this regard. Why should Canadians always take their holidays in the summer-time? Business is brisk then. There are always thousands of travelers in Canada who lead a stimulus to trade which ends only at Christmas. Why should not the average young business man, or even the business woman, try to arrange his or her holidays after the first of the New Year, when the stocktaking is finished, and when business has settled down after the Christmas rush?

Canada in summer is not such an unlovely place in which to live. The heat, after all, is not so very trying as we sometimes lead ourselves to believe, and even so, the average big office building or the average warehouse is often cooler than the much praised summer resort. We are in the habit of saying that the air is not fresh—part of the danger of the city to our health lies in this constant repetition of our ideas that the city is "stuffy" and unhealthy and so on.

It is true that the air may not be very fresh, and there may be a considerable number of germs floating about, but is the same not true of our long winters and our still longer spring thaws. Far fewer persons suffer from the effects of heat in

the summer than from its gripe and colds of all kinds in the winter. Many a winter cold is the beginning of a strong man's undoing. With proper care, on a hot summer's day a fairly healthy person ought to feel no ill effects.

Then, too, in the summer there are a thousand things that one can do in the evenings or in the week-ends that make up for the lack of a summer vacation. Most of the great cities, and even the smaller ones, in this country, are surrounded with ideal places for an evening's recreation in summer. Halifax and Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, Winnipeg and Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria, have all scores of places where they can send their workers for the evening or for the week-end.

A business man in Quebec used to live out at Lac St. Joseph, at a simple little hotel there, and come in and out from his office on the Canadian Northern every day. He had, it is true, to rise a little earlier than usual in the mornings in order to catch the steam launch which carried him across the little lake to the railway station. But he made it, and not only that, but he grew healthier with the regular exercise and the regular sleep. The train run was merely a matter of about twenty miles, and the fare was not great. He took no holidays that summer at all, not in any summer, indeed. When he reached the lake again after the day's work, he changed his clothes, had a swim, and went out fishing or paddling or sailing. Sundays saw him exploring the trout brooks or walking down to sweep gossip with the curé of a nearby village after Mass. His wife and children became breezed with the sunshine and good air. The board was good, and it was cheap; in fact, he made money by renting his house furnished in the city for the summer. That winter he and the family made a journey to the West Indies. Last winter they were in Italy, and the father of the family is not a wealthy man, either—but he is wise.

In Toronto a number of young men of whom I know have a camp at the Island. They employ a cook and share the expenses like a club. They come back and forth from city on the ferry boats, and have a jolly summer all round. In Win-

nipeg another group of young men have a camp on a certain river, and they too come in and out from their offices. A certain young bank clerk in Vancouver who had bought a suburban lot for which, at the time, he could find no innocent buyer, made room to his boarding house and founded a camp among the big trees for himself and some of his chums.

If not by camping out, at least by an occasional inexpensive week-end trip, a man or woman can make the summer endurable, at least. The mistake which a great many of these people make—although, after all, it is their own business, not mine—is that they take their usual allotment of time from "the office" and squander it on some perfectly ordinary and commonplace summer resort, from which they return without much profit. To these people the admonition holds good: save up your holidays, or get the most experience out of them you can. Invest your vacation on Capital account. Make the two weeks that are due to you from the office next summer serve as an investment from which in your old age you may draw returns.

Of course for school teachers and for people with children it is not easy to get away in the winter. The members of the teaching profession, he it noted, are among the best travelers of the day. They make use of their long vacation to see other cities or other countries than their own, and there is no question that they and the children with whom they come in contact benefit from this. In their case, and, in fact, in any case, summer travel is a splendid thing—much better than doing more commonplace things. But by every standard of reason it would be just as well if the whole scheme of things were reversed and the long vacation for Canadian school children should come in winter when there is greater hardship in getting to and from school, when the problem of clothing the child is much more serious for the poor parents, and when there are far more diseases to be communicated in the close atmosphere of the heated school-room than in the room where the windows may be left open and fresh air brought in all the time. However this is another question. It touches this question of winter travel only at one point.

Of course travel is of different kinds. There are tours around the world—which are not of especial value for beginners, because the traveler gets too many impressions at once, and is not likely to digest what he sees. Moreover, these tours are expensive. Then there are tours to Florida, or California, or to the British Columbia coast from the East, or to the East from British Columbia; then there are journeys to the Indies, or tours, including that region and South America; on the other hand there are to be had trips to England, to the Continent, to the Mediterranean, Italy, Egypt, India.

The travel companies with their ready-made itineraries and their estimated costs of everything, are not to be despised. Superior gentlemen who write editorials and magazine articles may choose to poke fun at the—tourist or the sightseer, but after all this is merely a form of affection on the part of these gentle writers. These travel companies supply fairly good estimates of the costs of all sorts of trips and even if you do not place yourself under their guidance, the information which is to be found in their folders is a good basis upon which to estimate the cost of a trip—anywhere.

As a matter of fact, London and Paris and Berlin and New York are the places where the young Canadian business man or student can learn most in least time and at a minimum of expense. Tours to Italy and the Levant are all very well for students of the classics or of ancient history or of art. But for the young Canadian who wishes to become broader minded and more thoroughly informed there is nothing much better than the cities mentioned.

For the sake of health—if one must travel for health—there is, of course, the southern winter resort. Drives and excursions, dances and walks, and placid corners in the verandah where one may read and rest, abound in these places. One meets interesting people and makes good friends, sometimes, if one so wishes. There is plenty of amusement, and little opportunity for becoming "bored." If one wishes scenery there is the Grand Canyon on the way to California or our own Canadian scenery in the Rockies. If one requires novelty there is Japan or South

America. For information the average Canadian can do no better than make his way to the Old Country. The cities of the Old World are refreshing; a man gains a new angle from which to judge his own city, and his own country. A letter of introduction or two will give a man the entrée to industrial places where he may learn new things about his own line of business. For those who love art, there is everything to find. For those who love

history, the same. For those who wish to find the romantic, what better is there than a London street in a fog. But leaving those things aside, whatever the purpose, the questions remain: Are you using your vacations to advantage? Would it not be better to board your summer holidays until you had enough, one winter, to sally forth upon the real world, and see the rest of the nations?



LOVE IN DEATH

One day I'll rest by a busy street,
Where all day long the tread
Of passers-by goes to and fro,
Yet waken not the dead.

I'll lie so still, give out no cry,
Though loud on the pavement fall
The step of him who long, as friend,
Was loved the best of all.

I'll lie so still and make no moan,
Though clear, in the crowded throng,
The step of him I'll hear who once,
As Judas, wrought me wrong.

Though on my grave the mould will creep
And the flowers above it die,
My name will blush red on the stone
When she one day goes by!

—By "Arach Luen."

The Whisper

They were three big men from, of and in and over
all the Earth,

And they hurried to their Mother for the Season,
For the time, in all the year demanding greeting,
Love and Mirh,

They were hasting, tho' they scarcely sensed the
reason;

'Twas an almost primal instinct fetched them back
beneath the roof

For Christmas—'Way from scenery rugged—
wild,

Just the call—where'er the distance—
Reaching out with still insistence—

The whisper of the mother for her child.

* * *

Be you busy in the city's marts—or ranching in the
West—

Be you lumbering where the forest-monarch lies,
Or searching for the nugget—you must drop the
weary quest,

To glimpse again the love-light in the eyes
'Neath the mother's fluttering lashes—round the
"waiting-for-you" lips,

On the plucky little face that ever smiled
From the days when you—a baby—

Understood more clearly, may be,
The whisper of the mother to her child.

* * *

That's the spirit of each Christmas since the morn
when Mary held

The Saviour of the World to loving breast,
The Mother-Love now flowing still, as on the day it
welled

Unstinted over you—and in your nest
Of arms that strained you closely, giving guard, in
their content

Of weariness—to All Things reconciled—

When the passionate clutch that caught you,
All the mystic meanings taught you,
Of the whisper of a mother to her child

George Trafford Ratty

TORONTO, XMAS—1911.

"I Had a Friend"

By

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

The articles in the "Success Series" now running in this magazine have been greatly appreciated by readers. This month we are privileged to present a chapter, "I Had a Friend," from Dr. Marden's new book, "Self Investment," which will be published shortly. Friendship is of all things the most rare, and therefore most scarce, because most excellent, whose comforts in misery are always sweet, and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate.

"I HAD a friend?" Is there anything more beautiful in all this world than the consciousness of possessing sweet, loyal, helpful friends, whose devotion is not affected in the least by a fortune or the lack of it; friends who love us even more in adversity than in prosperity?

At the breaking out of the Civil War, when the qualifications of the different candidates for the Presidency were being discussed, and Lincoln was mentioned, someone said: "Lincoln has nothing, only plenty of friends." It is true that Lincoln was poor, that when he was elected to the legislature of his State he borrowed money to buy a suit of clothes, in order that he might make a respectable appearance, and that he walked a hundred miles to take his seat. It is a matter of history that he also borrowed money to move his family to Washington after he was elected President, but how rich was this marvelous man in his friendships!

Friends are silent partners—every one of them interested in everything that interests the other, every one trying to help the other to succeed in life, to make a good impression, to stand for the best thing in him and not the worst, trying to help the other do what he is endeavoring to do, rejoicing in every good thing that comes to him. Can anything be more sublime,

more beautiful, than the loyalty, the devotion of friends!

Even with all his remarkable ability, Theodore Roosevelt could never have accomplished anything equal to what he has but for the powerful, persistent, enthusiastic assistance of his friends. It is doubtful whether he would ever have been President but for the loyalty of friends, especially of those he made while a student at Harvard University. Hundreds of his classmates and college mates were working hard for him, both while he was candidate for Governor of New York and for President of the United States. The wonderfully enthusiastic friendship of his regiment of "Rough Riders" came back to him in tens of thousands of votes in the South and West in the Presidential election.

Just think what it means to have enthusiastic friends always looking out for our interests, working for us all the time, saying a good word for us at every opportunity, supporting us, speaking for us in our absence when we need a friend, shielding our sensitive, weak spots, stopping slanderers, killing lies which would injure us, correcting false impressions, trying to set us right, overcoming the prejudices created by some mistake or slip, or a first bad impression we made in some silly moment, always doing something to give us a lift or help us along!

What sorry figures many of us would cut but for our friends! What marred and scarred reputations most of us would have but for the cruel blows that have been warded off by our friends, the healing balm that they have applied to the hurts of the world! Many of us would have been very much poorer financially, too, but for the hosts of friends who have sent us customers and clients and business, who have always turned our way everything they could.

Oh, what a boon our friends are to our weaknesses, our idiosyncrasies and short comings, our failures generally! How they throw a mantle of charity over our faults, and cover up our defects!

What is more beautiful than to see a man trying to draw the curtain before the weaknesses or the scars of his friend, to shield him from the harsh criticisms of the thoughtless, or heartless, to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop! We cannot help admiring such a man, because we know that he is a true friend.

Is there anything more sacred in the world than the office of a true friend? How few of us appreciate what it means to have the reputation of another in our keeping! The report we send out, our estimate of another, may have a great deal to do with the success or failure of the individual. The scandal which we allow to pass unchallenged may mar a reputation for life.

One of the most touching things I know of is the office of a real friend to one who is not a friend to himself—some who have lost his self-respect, his self-control, and fallen to the level of the brute. Ah! this is friendship, indeed, which will stand by us when we will not stand by ourselves! I know a man who thus stood by a friend who had become such a slave to drink and all sorts of vice that even his family had turned him out-of-doors. When his father and mother and wife and children had forsaken him, this friend remained loyal. He followed him at night in his debauches, and many a time saved him from freezing to death, when he was so inebriated that he could not stand. Scores of times this man left his home and searched in the slums for his friend, to keep him from the hands of a policeman, and to shield him from the cold; and this great love and devotion finally redeemed

the fallen man and sent him back to decency and to his home. Can any money measure the value of such devotion!

Oh! what a difference a friend has made in the lives of most of us! How many people a strong loyal friendship has kept from utter despair, from giving up the struggle for success! How many men and women have been kept from suicide by the thought that someone loved them, believed in them; how many have preferred to suffer tortures to dishonoring or disappointing their friends! The thrill of encouragement which has come from the pressure of a friendly hand, or a sympathetic, friendly word, has proved the turning-point in many a life.

Many a man endures hardships and suffers privations and criticism in the hope of winning at last for the sake of his friends, of those who love and believe in him and see in him what others do not, when, if he had only himself to consider, he would give up.

The faith of friends is a perpetual stimulus. How it nerves and encourages us to do our best, when we feel that scores of friends really believe in us when others misunderstand and denounce us!

"Life is to be fortified by many friendships," said Sydney Smith. "To love and to be loved is the great happiness of existence."

Was there ever such capital for starting in business for oneself as plenty of friends? How many people, who are now successful, would have given up the struggle in some great crisis of their lives, but for the encouragement of a friend which tidied them over the critical place! How barren and lean our lives would be if stripped of all that our friends have done for us!

If you are starting out in a profession or in business, the resolution of having a lot of staunch friends will give you lacking, will bring you patients, clients, customers. It has been said that "destiny is determined by friendship."

It would be interesting and helpful if we could analyze the lives of successful people, and those who have been highly honored by their fellow men, and find out the secret of their success.

I have tried to make this analysis in the case of one man, whose career I have for a long time carefully studied; and I believe that at least twenty per cent. of his

success is due to his remarkable ability to make friends. He has cultivated the friendship faculty most assiduously from boyhood, and he fastens people to him so solidly and enthusiastically, that they would do almost anything for him.

When he began his career the friend ships he had formed in school and college were of immense value in helping him to positions which not only opened up unusual opportunities, but added very largely to his reputation as well.

In other words, his natural ability has been multiplied many times by the help of his hosts of friends. He seems to have a peculiar faculty of enlisting their interest, their hearty, enthusiastic support in everything he does, so that they are always trying to advance his interests.

Very few give the credit they ought to their friends. Most successful men think that they have won out because of their great ability, because they have fought and conquered, and they are always boasting of the wonderful things they have done. They attribute their success wholly to their own shrewdness, their own sagacity and shrewdness, to their push, their progressiveness. They do not realize that scores of friends, like so many unpaid traveling salesmen, have been helping them at every opportunity.

"True friendship," says C. C. Colton, "is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it is lost."

The character and standing of your friends will have a very marked influence upon your life. Make it a rule to choose upwards just as far as possible. Try to associate with people who are your superiors, not so much with people who have more money, but with those who have had greater advantages for culture and self-improvement, who are better educated and better informed, in order that you may absorb as much as possible that will help you. This will tend to raise your own ideals, to inspire you to higher things, to make a greater effort to be somebody yourself.

I know young people who have plenty of friends, but they are not the kind that help or elevate them. They have chosen the downward, instead of upward.

If you habitually associate with people below you, they will tend to drag you down, lower your ideals, your ambition.

We little realize what a great molding, fashioning influence our friends and acquaintances have upon us. Every person we come in contact with stamps an indelible influence upon us, and the influence will be like his character. If we form a habit of always trying to better our friendships and acquaintances, we unconsciously acquire the habit of perpetual self-betterment, self-improvement.

The great thing is to keep the life standards high. An inspiring habit will tend to do this. However, we should not be intolerant and expect too much of our friends.

"Take your friends more as you find them, without the desire to make them live up to some ideal standard of your own," says a writer. "You may find that their own standard, while different, may not be so bad, after all."

It is possible to measure up a man we have never seen, by studying his friends. It is possible to tell pretty nearly how much of a man he is, whether he will stand by his word or whether he is unreliable, or treacherous.

Look out for the man who has practically no friends. You will find something wrong in him somewhere. If he was worthy of friends he would have had them.

"To be rich in friends," is not a sentimental expression; it is of real market worth. To the man or woman "rich in friends" doors are opened and opportunities presented that often are not within reach of those merely rich in money, and are never heard of by the well-begone who live in the depths.

He is poor indeed who has no friends! What wealth would be a substitute for friendships! How many millionaires would give a large part of their wealth to regain the friends they have lost by neglect while they were making their money!

Not half a dozen people outside of his immediate family attended the funeral of a very rich man who died not long since in New York. But a few weeks later a large church was filled to the doors and the streets were rendered impassable by the crowds assembled to pay the last respects to a man who died without leaving a thousand dollars behind him.

The latter loved his friends as a miser loves his gold. Everybody who knew him seemed to be his friend. He took infinite

ly more pride in thinking that he was rich in friendships than he could have possibly have taken in a fortune. He would divide his last dollar with anyone who needed it. He did not try to sell his services as dearly as possible. He gave himself to his friends—gave himself without reserve, royally, generously, magnanimously. There was no stinting of effort or service in this man's life, nothing that ever suggested selfishness or greed. Is it any wonder that thousands of people should regard his death as a great personal loss?

"In friendship," says Seneca, "there must be no reserve, as much deliberation as you please before the league is struck, but no doubts nor jealousies after."

It requires time to consider a friendship, but the resolution once taken entitles him to my very heart. The purpose of friendship is to have one dearer to men than myself, and for the saving of whose life I would gladly lay down my own, taking with me the consciousness that only the wise can be friends: there are more companions.

It is only he who loses his life, who gives it royally, in kindly, helpful service to others, that finds it. This is the sowing that gives the bountiful harvest. The man who gets all he can and gives nothing cannot get real riches. He is like the farmer who thinks too much of his seed-corn to sow it and hoards it, thinking he will be the richer for the hoarding. He does not give it to the soil because he cannot see the harvest in the seed. It is not so much a question of how far we have gotten along in the world ourselves, as of how many others we have helped to get on.

Perhaps really the richest man who ever lived upon this continent was Abraham Lincoln, because he gave himself to his people. He did not try to sell his ability to the highest bidder. Great fees had no attraction for him. Lincoln lives in history because he thought more of his friends—and all his countrymen were his friends—and all his countrymen were his friends—than he did of his pocketbook. He gave himself to his country as a farmer gives his seed to the earth, and what a harvest from that sowing! The end of it no man shall see.

One of the saddest phases of our strenuous American life is the terrible slaughter of friendships by our dollar-chasers,

Our strenuous, rushing, electric life in this country is not conducive to the formation of real friendships, such as exist in some foreign countries. We do not have time for them. The vast resources and marvelous opportunities tend to develop an abnormal ambition. The great prizes appeal to our selfish nature, to the brute in us, and we rush and drive at such a killing pace that we cannot take time to cultivate friendships, except those which will help us to our goal.

The result is that we Americans and Canadians have a great many very pleasant acquaintances, helpful acquaintances which pay us well, but we have comparatively few friends in the highest sense of the word.

The fact is that the tremendous material prizes abnormally develop some very undesirable qualities, stunt and starve many of our most desirable qualities, and make us one-sided.

We have developed colossal money glands in our brain for securing dollars; and, in the process, we have lost that which is invaluable. We have commercialized our friendships, commercialized our ability, our energy, our time. Everything possible has been turned into dollars; and the result is that we have money, but many of us have not much else.

Thousands of rich men are nobodies outside of their own little business ruts. They have not developed enough of their higher brain-cells, not enough of the better part of themselves to rank as high class men. They are first class money makers, second or third class in everything else. They have cashed in everything—their friendships, their influence, their life-work—everything into dollars.

Is there anything more chilling in this world than to have a lot of money but practically no friends? What does that thing which we call success amount to if we have sacrificed our friendships, if we have sacrificed the most sacred things in life in getting it? We may have plenty of acquaintances, but acquaintances are not friends. There are plenty of rich people in this country to-day who scarcely know the luxury of real friendship.

There is something that is called friendship which follows us as long as we are prosperous and have anything to give of

money or influence, but which forsakes us when we are down. "True friendship," said Washington, "is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation."

I knew a man who once thought he was unusually rich in real friendships, but when he lost his money and with it much of his influence, those who were apparently devoted to him before foresaw him, and the poor man was so distressed and disappointed over their disaffection that he nearly lost his mental balance.

But a few real friends clung to him in his adversity. When his home and his large business were gone, two of his old servants drew every penny they had out of the savings-bank and insisted upon his taking it to help him to start again. An engineer who used to work for him also remained loyal in adversity and loaned him every cent he had. Through the devotion of those true friends, this man soon recovered his standing and in a comparatively short time became rich again.

Never trust people who trade on friendship, who use it as their greatest asset, people who see capital in your friendship because they can use you to their own advantage. There never was a time when so many used their friends for personal gain as now.

He who prizes his friendship should be very careful about his business transactions with them, and especially careful about borrowing money from them. It is a remarkable trait of human nature that some people will do almost anything for us, and we can ask almost any favor of them without losing their confidence or friendship, except that of loaning us money.

How many of us regret the day that we asked a friend for a loan, for, even when it was freely granted, there was not always quite the same feeling afterwards. Some people can never loan others money without having a sort of contempt for them ever afterwards. This ought not to be so, but it is. There are people who will forgive almost anything except a request for money or material assistance. Somehow this is not compatible with the average friendship. You see that real friendship would not be so easily forfeited, but unfortunately most of us have had a sad experience along this line. We may have

gotten the money or the help, but a little estrangement, a strained relation between us and our friend, has resulted.

There is a new kind of friendship which is coming more and more into vogue; and that is, business friendship—the friendship that means pecuniary gain. It is a dangerous friendship because of the selfish motive. It is dangerous because it simulates the genuine so nearly that it is difficult to distinguish between one's real friends and those who are false.

I know a man who is thoroughly wanting in the capacity for real friendship; and yet he has so assiduously cultivated the friendship of people for business purposes—cultivated it as so much power to be used to further his own ends—that he appears to be friendly to everybody, and a stranger who meets him for the first time often thinks that he has gained a real friend, when he would really sacrifice him at the first opportunity, without the slightest hesitation, if he saw it would be to his advantage.

It is impossible for the man who looks at everything through selfish glasses to be a real friend to anybody.

There are plenty of people in New York and the large cities who make a profession of trading in their friendships. They have that peculiar magnetic power which attracts people quickly and strongly; but all the time they are weaving their little spider's web, and before the victim is aware of it, he finds himself hopelessly ensnared.

One of the most despicable things a man can do is to use others as a ladder to climb to some coveted position, and then, after he has attained it, to kick the ladder down.

The habit of cultivating friendships because it pays, because it will increase one's business, one's pull, one's influence, one's credit, because it brings more clients, more patients, more customers, is dangerous, for it tends to kill the real friendship faculties.

What a delightful, delicious thing it is to have friends who love us for our own sake, who have no "axis to grind," who are always ready to make any sacrifice of comfort, of time or money when we are in need?

Cicero said that man had received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful than friendship.

But friendship must be cultivated. It cannot be bought; it is priceless. If you abandon your friends for a quarter of a century or more while you are buried in your pursuit of wealth, you cannot expect to go back and find them where you left them. Did you ever get or keep anything worth while without an effort equal to its value?

Only he has friends worth while who is willing to pay the price for making and keeping them. He may not have quite as large a fortune as if he gave all of his time to money making. But wouldn't you rather have more good, staunch friends who believe in you, and who would stand by you in the severest adversity, than have a little more money? What will enrich the life so much as hosts of good loyal friends?

Many people seem to think that friendship is a one-sided affair. They enjoy their friends, enjoy having them come to see them, but they rarely think of putting themselves out to reciprocate, or take the trouble to keep up their friendships, while the fact is, reciprocation is the very essence of friendship.

It does not matter how much knowledge you have, or what your accomplishments are, you will live a cold, friendless, isolated life and will be unattractive, unless you have come in close constant contact with other lives, unless you have cultivated your sympathies and have taken a real interest in others, have suffered with them, rejoiced with them, helped them.

I am acquainted with a young man who is always complaining that he has no friends, and who says that in his loneliness he sometimes contemplates suicide; but no one who knows him wonders at his isolation, for he possesses qualities which everybody detests. He is class-fisted, mean, stingy in money matters, is always criticizing others, is pessimistic, lacks charity and magnanimity, is full of prejudice, is utterly selfish and greedy, is always questioning people's motives when they do a generous act, and yet he wonders why he does not have friends.

If you would have friends, you must cultivate the qualities which you admire in others. Strong friendships rest upon a social, generous, hearty nature. There is nothing like magnanimity and real charity, kindness and a spirit of helpfulness

for attracting others. Your interest in people must be a real one, or you will not draw them to you.

No great friendship can rest upon pretense or deception. Opposite qualities cannot attract each other. After all, friendships rest largely upon admiration. There must be something worthy in you, something lovable, before anybody will love you. If you are chock-full of despicable qualities, you cannot expect any one to care for you.

Many people are not capable of forming great friendships because they do not have the qualities themselves which attract noble qualities in others.

If you are uncharitable, intolerant, if you lack generosity, cordiality, if you are narrow and bigoted, unsympathetic, small and mean, you cannot expect that generous, large-hearted, noble characters will flock around you. If you expect to make friends with large-souled, noble characters, you must cultivate large-heartedness, generosity and tolerance. One reason why so many people have so few friends is that they have so little to give, and they expect so much. A happy temperament, a desire to scatter joy and gladness, to be helpful to everybody, are wonderful aids to friendship.

You will be amazed to see how quickly friends will flock about you just as soon as you begin to cultivate attractive and lovable qualities.

Justice and truth are absolutely essential to the highest friendship, and we respect a friend all the more because he is just and true, even when it hurts and mortifies us most. We cannot help respecting justice and truth because we are built on these lines; they are a part of our very nature. The friendship which shrinks from telling the truth, which cannot bear to pain one when justice demands it, does not command as high a quality of admiration as the friendship which is absolutely just and truthful.

There is something inherent in human nature which makes us despise the hypocrite. We may overlook a weakness in a friend, which makes it hard for him to be absolutely truthful, but if we ever detect him trying to deceive us, we never have quite the same confidence in him again, and confidence is the very basis of real friendship.

"Friendship carries with it love. The true friend is not one made in a hurry. There is no friend like the old one with whom you went birdnesting in your youth, the friend that has plodded along life's road with you shoulder to shoulder.

"When you have a friend who has proven himself such, never let up so long as you live in your evidences of gratitude for the kindness he has shown you. Repay him with interest for his good offices, and let your actions towards him ever be a source of happiness and pleasure to him.

"Nothing is so much appreciated between friends as gratitude, and nothing will kill friendship like ingratitude.

"Genuine friendship is such a rare jewel that when you have a positive demonstration of it, let it be your great concern that you will do nothing to mar this friendship, for broken friendship is a source of grief to both friends so long as they live."

The friendships that last rest more upon a solid respect, admiration, and great congeniality than upon a passionate love. Where the love is so great that it defies justice and truth, friends are more likely to fall out. The strongest, the most lasting, devoted friendships are those which are based upon principle, upon respect, admiration, and esteem.

"I would go to hell, if there were such a place, with any friend of mine, and I would want no heaven of which I have ever read if any friend of mine were in the outer dark," was the startling asser-

tion of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, in the course of a sermon on "The Companionship of Friends."

"False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade," says Bovee.

Real friendship will follow us into the shadows, in the dark as well as in the sunshine.

The capacity for friendship is a great test of character. We instinctively believe in people who are known to stick to their friends through thick and thin. It is an indication of the possession of splendid qualities. You can generally trust a man who never goes back on a friend. People who lack loyalty have no capacity for great friendship.

After all, isn't a man's success best measured by the number and quality of his friendships? For, no matter how much money he may have accumulated, if he doesn't have a lot of friends there is certainly some tremendous lack in him somewhere, a great lack of sterling qualities. Children ought to be taught that the most sacred thing in this world is a true friend, and they ought to be trained to cultivate a capacity for friendships. This would broaden their characters, develop fine qualities, and sweeten their lives as nothing else could.

One of the most beautiful things that can ever be said of a human being is that he has a host of loyal, true friends. "No man is useless," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "while he has a friend."



Smoke Bellew

By

Jack London

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE has secured the Canadian rights on the *Smoke Bellew* series of stories by Jack London, the famous writer, the first, "The Taste of the Meat" appearing in this issue. Mr. London has never been bookish or narrow; from the first his best qualities have been those that go with the life he has led and has described,—a wonderful ability for seeing the insignificant thing in the wildest form of nature, an immediate sympathy for all that is vigorous and compelling in human nature, a gift that is almost like clairvoyance for feeling the mental and emotional processes that are most elemental. This power of vivifying and making real what is strange and incredible in itself has made him one of the most fascinating story-tellers of the day, and, indeed, one of the most successful.

The Taste of the Meat

TALE ONE*

IN the beginning he was Christopher Bellew. By the time he was at college he had become Chris. Bellew. Later, in the Bohemian crowd of San Francisco, he was called Kit Bellew. And in the end he was known by no other name than Smoke Bellew. And this history of the evolution of his name is the history of his evolution. Nor would it have happened had he not had a fond mother and an iron uncle, and had he not received a letter from Gillet Bellamy.

"I have just seen a copy of the *Bellows*," Gillet wrote from Paris. "Of course, O'Hara will succeed with it. But he's missing some plays." (Here followed details in the improvement of the budding society weekly). "Go down and see him. Let him think they're your own suggestions. Don't let him know they're from

me. If he does, he'll make me Paris correspondent, which I can't afford, because I'm getting real money for my stuff from the big magazines. Above all, don't forget to make him fire that dub who's doing the musical and art criticism. Another thing, San Francisco has always had a literature of her own. But she hasn't any now. Tell him to kick around and get some gink to turn out a live serial, and to put into it the real romance and glamor and color of San Francisco."

And down to the office of the *Bellows* went Kit Bellew faithfully to instruct. O'Hara listened. O'Hara debated. O'Hara agreed. O'Hara fired the dub who wrote criticism. Further, O'Hara had a way with him—the very way that was feared by Gillet in distant Paris. When O'Hara wanted anything, no friend could deny

*Tale Two, "The Meat" will appear in the February number of Maclean's Magazine.

him. He was sweetly and compellingly irresistible. Before Kit Bellevue could escape from the office, he had become an associate editor, had agreed to write weekly columns of criticism till some decent pen was found, and had pledged himself to write a weekly installment of ten thousand words on the San Francisco serial—and all this without pay. The *Billow* wasn't paying yet, O'Hara explained; and just as convincingly had he expounded that there was only one man in San Francisco capable of writing the serial, and that man Kit Bellevue.

"Oh, Lord, I'm the gink!" Kit had groaned to himself afterward on the narrow stairway.

And there had begun his servitude to O'Hara and the insatiable columns of the *Billow*. Week after week he held down an office chair, stood off creditors, wrangled with printers, and turned out twenty-five thousand words of all sorts weekly. Nor did his labors lighten. The *Billow* was ambitious. It went in for illustration. The processes were expensive. It never had any money to pay Kit Bellevue, and by the same token it was unable to pay for any additions to the office staff.

"This is what comes of being a good fellow," Kit grumbled one day.

"Thank God for good fellows then," O'Hara cried, with tears in his eyes as he gripped Kit's hand. "You're all that's saved me, Kit. But for you I'd have gone bust. Just a little longer old man, and things will be easier."

"Never," was Kit's plaint. "I see my fate clearly. I shall be here always."

A little later he thought he saw his way out. Watching his chance, in O'Hara's presence, he fell over a chair. A few minutes afterward he bumped into the corner of the desk, and with fumbling fingers captured a note pad.

"Out late?" O'Hara queried.

Kit brushed his eyes with his hands and peered about him anxiously before replying.

"No, it's not that. It's my eyes. They seem to be going back on me, that's all."

For several days he continued to fall over and bump into the office furniture. But O'Hara's heart was not softened.

"I'll tell you what, Kit," he said one day. "You've got to see an oculist. There's Dr. Hoodsapple. He's a crack-jack. And it won't cost you anything.

We can get it for advertising. I'll see him myself."

And true to his word, he despatched Kit to the oculist.

"There's nothing the matter with your eyes," was the doctor's verdict, after a lengthy examination. "In fact, your eyes are magnificent, a pair in a million."

"Don't tell O'Hara," Kit pleaded, "and give me a pair of black glasses."

The result of this was that O'Hara sympathized and talked glowingly of the time when the *Billow* would be on its feet.

Luckily for Kit Bellevue, he had his own income. Small it was, compared with some, yet it was large enough to enable him to belong to several clubs and maintain a studio in the Latin Quarter. In point of fact, since his associate editorship, his expenses had decreased prodigiously. He had no time to spend money. He never saw the studio any more, nor entertained the local Bohemians with his famous chafing-dish suppers. Yet he was always broke, for the *Billow*, in perennial distress, absorbed his cash as well as his brains. There were the illustrators who periodically refused to illustrate, the printers who periodically refused to print, and the office boy who frequently refused to officiate. At such times O'Hara looked at Kit, and Kit did the rest.

When the steamship *Excelsior* arrived from Alaska, bringing the news of the Klondike strike that set the country mad, Kit made a purely frivolous proposition.

"Look here, O'Hara," he said. "This gold rush is going to be big—the days of '49 over again. Suppose I cover it for the *Billow*? I'll pay my own expenses."

O'Hara shook his head.

"Can't spare you from the office, Kit. Then there's that serial. Besides, I saw Jackson not an hour ago. He's starting for the Klondike to-morrow, and he's agreed to send a weekly letter and photo. I wouldn't let him get away till he promised. And the beauty of it is that it doesn't cost us anything."

The next Kit heard of the Klondike was when he dropped into the club that afternoon and in an alcove off the library encountered his uncle.

"Hello, avuncular relative," Kit greeted, sliding into a leather chair and spreading out his legs. "Won't you join me?"

He ordered a cocktail, but the uncle contented himself with the thin native claret he invariably drank. He glanced with irritated disapproval at the cocktail and on to his nephew's face. Kit saw a lecture gathering.

"I've only a minute," he announced lustily. "I've got to run and take in that Keith exhibition at Eliery's, and do half a column on it."

"What's the matter with you?" the other demanded. "You're pale. You're a wreck."

Kit's only answer was a groan.

"I'll have the pleasure of burying you, I can see that."

Kit shook his head sadly.

"No destroying worm, thank you. Creosote for mine."

John Bellevue came of the old hard and hardy stock that had crossed the plains by ox-team in the fifties, and in him was this same hardness and the hardness of a childhood spent in the conquering of a new land.

"You're not living right, Christopher. I'm ashamed of you."

"Primrose path, eh?" Kit chuckled.

The older man shrugged his shoulders.

"Shake not your gory looks at me, avuncular. I wish it were the primrose path. But that's all cut out. I have no time."

"Then what is—?"

"Overwork."

John Bellevue laughed harshly and incredulously.

"Honest."

Again came the laughter.

"Men are the products of their environment," Kit proclaimed, pointing at the other's glass. "Your mouth is thin and bitter as your drink."

"Overwork?" was the sneer. "You never earned a cent in your life."

"You bet I have. . . . only I never got it. I'm earning five hundred a week right now, and doing four men's work."

"Pictures that won't sell? Or—er—funny work of some sort? Can you swim?"

"I used to."

"Sit a horse?"

"I have essayed that adventure."

John Bellevue snorted his disgust.

"I'm glad your father didn't live to see you in all the glory of your grave-

ness," he said. "Your father was a man, every inch of him. Do you get it? A man. I think he'd have whaled all this musical and artistic tomfoolery out of you."

"Alas! these degenerate days," Kit sighed.

"I could understand it, and tolerate it," the other went on savagely, "if you succeeded at it. You've never earned a cent in your life, nor done a tap of man's work."

"Etchings, and pictures, and fans," Kit contributed unthoughtfully.

"You're a dabbler and a failure. What pictures have you painted? Dinky water-colors and nightmarish posters. You've never had one exhibited, even here in San Francisco—"

"Ah, you forget. There is one in the jinks room of this very club."

"A gross cartoon. Music? Your dear fool of a mother spent hundreds on lessons. You're debilitated and failed. You've never even earned a five-dollar piece by accompanying some one at a concert. Your songs?—ragtime not that's never printed and that's sung only by a pack of fake Bohemians."

"I had a book published once—these sonnets, you remember," Kit interposed meekly.

"What did it cost you?"

"Only a couple of hundred."

"Any other achievements?"

"I had a forest play acted at the summer jinks."

"What did you get for it?"

"Glory."

"And you used to swim, and you have essayed to sit a horse!" John Bellevue set his glass down with unnecessary violence.

"What earthly good are you anyway? You were well put up, yet even at university you didn't play football. You didn't row. You didn't—"

"I boxed and fenced—some."

"When did you last box?"

"Not since, but I was considered an excellent judge of time and distance, only I was—er—"

"Go on."

"Considered desultory."

"Lazy, you mean."

"I always imagined it was an euphemism."

"My father, sir, your grandfather, old Issac Bellew, killed a man with a blow of his fist when he was sixty-nine years old."

"The man?"

"No,—you graceless scamp! But you'll never kill a mosquito at sixty-nine."

"The times have changed, O, my avuncular. They send men to state prison for homicide now."

"Your father rode one hundred and eighty-five miles, without sleeping, and killed three horses."

"Had he lived to-day he'd have snored over the course in a Pullman."

The older man was on the verge of choking with wrath, but swallowed it down and managed to articulate:

"How old are you?"

"I have reason to believe—"

"I know. Twenty-seven. You finished college at twenty-two. You've dabbled and played and frilled for five years. Before God and man of what use are you? When I was your age I had one suit of underclothes. I was riding with the cattle in Colusa. I was hard as rocks, and I could sleep on a rock. I lived on jerked beef and bear meat. I am a better man physically right now than you are. You weigh about one hundred and sixty-five. I can throw you right now, or thrash you with my fist."

"It doesn't take a physical prodigy to mop up coccolites or pink tea," Kit murmured deprecatingly. "Don't you see, my avuncular, the times have changed. Besides, I wasn't brought up right. My dear fool of a mother—"

John Bellew started angrily.

"—As you described her, was too good to me, kept me in cotton wool and all the rest. Now, if when I was a youngster I had taken some of those intensely masculine vacations you go in for—I wonder why you didn't invite me sometimes? You took Hal and Robbie all over the Sierras and on that Mexico trip."

"I guess you were too Lord Funtle-roynish."

"Your fault, avuncular, and my dear —er—mother's. How was I to know the hard? I was only a chiseled. What was there left but etchings and pictures and fans? Was it my fault that I never had to sweat?"

The older man looked at his nephew with unconcealed disgust. He had no

patience with levity from the lips of softness.

"Well, I'm going to take another one of those what-you-call masculine vacations. Suppose I ask you to come along?"

"Rather belated, I must say. Where is it?"

"Hal and Robert are going in to Klondike, and I'm going to see them across the Pass and down to the Lakes, then return—"

He got no further, for the young man had sprung forward and gripped his hand.

"My preserver?"

John Bellew was immediately suspicious. He had not dreamed the invitation would be accepted.

"You don't mean it," he said.

"When do we start?"

"It will be a hard trip. You'll be in the way."

"No I won't. I'll work. I've learned to work since I went on the *Bilow*."

"Each man has to take a year's supplies in with him. There'll be such a jam the Indian packers won't be able to handle it. Hal and Robert will have to pack their outfits across themselves. That's what I'm going along for—to help them pack. If you come you'll have to do the same."

"Watch me."

"You can't pack," was the objection.

"When do we start?"

"To-morrow."

"You needn't take it to yourself that your lecture on the hard has done it," Kit said, in parting. "I just had to get away, somewhere, anywhere, from O'Hara."

"Who is O'Hara? A Jap?"

"No, he's an Irishman, and a slave-driver, and my best friend. He's the editor and proprietor and all-around big squeeze of the *Bilow*. What he says goes. He can make ghosts walk."

That night Kit Bellew wrote a note to O'Hara.

"It's only a several weeks' vacation," he explained. "You'll have to get some gink to dope out installments for that serial. Sorry, old man, but my health demands it. I'll kick in twice as hard when I get back."

II.

Kit Bellew landed through the madness of the Dyea beach, congested with thousand-pound outfits of thousands of men.

This immense mass of luggage and food, flung ashore in mountains by the steamers, was beginning slowly to dribble up the Dyea valley and across Chilcoot. It was a portage of twenty-eight miles, and could be accomplished only on the backs of men. Despite the fact that the Indian packers had jumped the freight from eight cents a pound to forty, they were swamped with the work, and it was plain that winter would catch the major portion of the outfits on the wrong side of the divide.

Tenderfoot of the tenderfoot was Kit. Like many hundreds of others, he carried a big revolver swung on a cartridge-belt. Of this, his uncle, filled with memories of old lawless days, was likewise guilty. But Kit Bellew was romantic. He was fascinated by the froth and sparkle of the gold rush, and viewed its life and movement with an artist's eye. He did not take it seriously. As he said on the steamer, it was not his funeral. He was merely on a vacation, and intended to peep over the top of the pass for a "look see" and then to return.

Leaving his party on the sand to wait for the putting ashore of the freight, he strolled up the beach toward the old trading post. He did not swagger, though he noticed that many of the he-revered individuals did. A strapping, six-foot Indian passed him, carrying an unusually large pack. Kit swung in behind, admiring the splendid calves of the man, and the grace and ease with which he moved along under his burden. The Indian dropped his pack on the scales in front of the post, and Kit joined the group of admiring gold-rushers who surrounded him. The pack weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, which fact was uttered back and forth in tones of awe. It was going some, Kit decided, and he wondered if he could lift such a weight, much less walk off with it.

"Going to Lake Linderman with it, old man?" he asked.

The Indian, swelling with pride, granted an affirmative.

"How much you make that one pack?"

"Fifty dollar."

Here Kit did out of the conversation. A young woman, standing in the doorway, had caught his eye. Unlike other women landing from the steamers, she was neither short-skirted nor bloomer-

clad. She was dressed as any woman traveling anywhere would be dressed. What struck him, was the justness of her being there, a feeling that somehow she belonged. Moreover, she was young and pretty. The bright beauty and color of her oval face held him, and he looked overlong—looked, till she resented, and her own eyes, long-lashed and dark, met his in cool survey. From his face, they traveled in evident amusement down to the big revolver at his thigh. Then her eyes came back to his, and in them was amused contempt. It struck him like a blow. She turned to the man beside her and indicated Kit. The man glanced him over with the same amused contempt.

"Cheechago," the girl said.

The man, who looked like a tramp in his cheap overalls and dilapidated woolen jacket, grinned dryly, and Kit felt withered though he knew not why. But anyway she was an unusually pretty girl, he decided, as the two moved off. He noted the way of her walk, and recorded the judgment that he would recognize it after the lapse of a thousand years.

"Did you see that man with the girl?" Kit's neighbor asked him anxiously.

"Know who he is?"

Kit shook his head.

"Cariboo Charley. He was just pointed out to me. He struck it big on Klondike. Old timer. Been on the Yukon a dozen years. He's just come out."

"What's cheechago mean?" Kit asked.

"You're one; I'm one," was the answer.

"Maybe I am, but you've got to search me. What does it mean?"

"Tenderfoot."

On his way back to the beach, Kit turned the phrase over and over. It rankled to be called tenderfoot by a slender chat of a woman.

Going into a corner among the heaps of freight, his mind still filled with the vision of the Indian with the redoubtable pack, Kit essayed to learn his own strength. He picked out a sack of flour which he knew weighed an even hundred pounds. He stepped astride of it, reached down, and strove to get it on his shoulder. His first conclusion was that one hundred pounds was the real heavy. His next was that his back was weak. His third was an oath, and it occurred at the

end of five futile minutes, when he collapsed on top of the burden with which he was wrestling. He mopped his forehead, and across a heap of grub-sacks saw John Bellew gazing at him, wintry amusement in his eyes.

"God!" proclaimed that apostle of the hard. "Out of our loins has come a race of weaklings. When I was sixteen I toyed with things like that."

"You forget, avuncular," Kit retorted, "that I wasn't raised on bear meat."

"And I'll toy with it when I'm sixty."

"You're got to show me."

John Bellew did. He was forty-eight, but he bent over the sack, applied a tentative shifting grip that balanced it, and with a quick heave stood erect, the sum-mersaulted sack of flour on his shoulder.

"Knack, my boy, knack—and a spine."

Kit took off his hat reverently.

"You're a wonder, avuncular, a shining wonder. D'ye think I can learn the trick?"

John Bellew shrugged his shoulders.

"You'll be hitting the back trail before we get started."

"Never you fear," Kit growled.

"There's O'Hara, the roaring lion, down there. I'm not going back till I have to."

III.

Kit's first pack was a success. Up to Finnegan's Crossing they had managed to get Indians to carry the twenty-five hundred-pound outfit. From that point their own backs must do the work. They planned to move forward at the rate of a mile a day. It looked easy—on paper. Since John Bellew was to stay in camp and do the cooking, he would be unable to make more than an occasional pack; so, to each of the three young men fell the task of carrying eight hundred pounds one mile each day. If they made fifty-pound packs, it meant a daily walk of sixteen miles loaded and of fifteen miles light—"Because we don't back-trip the last time," Kit explained the pleasant discovery; eighty-pound packs meant nineteen miles travel each day; and hundred-pound packs meant only fifteen miles.

"I don't like walking," said Kit. "There I shall carry one hundred pounds." He caught the grin of incredulity on his uncle's face, and added hastily:

"Of course I shall work up to it. A fellow's got to learn the ropes and tricks. I'll start with fifty."

He did, and smiled gaily along the trail. He dropped the sack at the next camp-site and ambled back. It was easier than he had thought. But two miles had rubbed off the velvet of his strength and exposed the underlying softness. His second pack was sixty-five pounds. It was more difficult, and he no longer smiled. Several times, following the custom of all packers, he sat down on the ground, resting the pack behind him on a rock or stump. With the third pack he became bold. He fastened the straps to a ninety-five-pound sack of beans and started. At the end of a hundred yards he felt that he must collapse. He sat down and mopped his face.

"Short hauls and short rests," he muttered. "That's the trick."

Sometimes he did not make a hundred yards, and each time he struggled to his feet for another short haul the pack became undeniably heavier. He panted for breath, and the sweat streamed from him. Before he had covered a quarter of a mile he stripped off his woolen shirt and hung it on a tree. A little later he discarded his hat. At the end of half a mile he decided he was finished. He had never exerted himself so in his life, and he knew that he was finished. As he sat and panted, his gaze fell upon the big revolver and the heavy cartridge-belt.

"Ten pounds of junk!" he sneered, as he unbuckled it.

He did not bother to hang it on a tree, but flung it into the underbrush. And as the steady tide of packers flowed by him, up trail and down, he noted that the other tenderfeet were beginning to shed their shooting irons.

His short hauls decreased. At times a hundred feet was all he could stagger, and then the ominous pounding of his heart against his ear-drums and the sickening totteriness of his knees compelled him to rest. And his rests grew longer. But his mind was busy. It was a twenty-eight mile portage, which represented as many days, and this by all accounts was the easiest part of it. "Wait till you get to Chilcoot," others told him as they rested and talked, "where you climb with hands and feet."

"They ain't going to be no Chilcoot," was his answer. "Not for me. Long before that I'll be at peace in my little couch beneath the moon."

A ship, and a violent, wrenching effort at recovery, frightened him. He felt that everything inside of him had been torn asunder.

"If ever I fall down with this on my back, I'm a goner," he told another packer.

"That's nothing," came the answer. "Wait till you hit the Canyon. You'll have to cross a raging torrent on a sixty-foot pine tree. No guide ropes, nothing, and the water boiling at the sag of the log to your knees. If you fall with a pack on your back, there's no getting out of the straps. You just stay there and drown."

"Sounds good to me," he retorted; and out of the depths of his exhaustion he almost half-meant it.

"They drown three or four a day there," the man assured him. "I helped fish a German out there. He had four thousand in greenbacks on him."

"Cheerful, I must say," said Kit, battling his way to his feet and tottering on.

He and the sack of beans became a penumbulating tragedy. It reminded him of the old man of the sea who sat on Sinbad's neck. And this was one of those intensely masculine vocations, he meditated. Compared with it, the servitude of O'Hara was sweet. Again and again he was nearly seduced by the thought of abandoning the sack of beans in the brush and of snaking around the camp to the beach and catching a steamer for civilization.

But he didn't. Somewhere in him was the strain of the hard, and he repeated over and over to himself that what other men could do he could. It became a nightmare chant, and he gibbered it to those that passed him on the trail. At other times, resting, he watched and envied the stolid, mole-footed Indians that plodded by under heavier packs. They never seemed to rest, but went on and on with a steadiness and certitude that was to him appalling.

He sat and cursed—he had no breath for it when under way—and fought the temptation to sneak back to San Francisco. Before the mile pack was ended he

ceased cursing and took to crying. The tears were tears of exhaustion and of disgust with self. "I ever a man was a wreck, he was. As the end of the pack came in sight, he strained himself in desperation, gained the camp-site, and pitched forward on his face, the beans on his back. It did not kill him, but he lay for fifteen minutes before he could summon sufficient shreds of strength to release himself from the straps. Then he became deathly sick, and was so found by Robbette, who had similar troubles of his own. It was this sickness of Robbette that benched him up."

"What other men can do, we can do," Kit told him, though down in his heart he wondered whether or not he was bluffing.

IV.

"And I am twenty-seven years old and a man," he privately assured himself many times in the days that followed. There was need for it. At the end of a week, though he had succeeded in moving his eight hundred pounds forward a mile a day, he had lost fifteen pounds of his own weight. His face was lean and haggard. All resilience had gone out of his body and mind. He no longer walked, but plodded. And on the back-trips, traveling light, his feet dragged almost as much as when he was loaded.

He had become a work animal. He fell asleep over his food, and his sleep was heavy and beastly, save when he was aroused, screaming with agony, by the cramps in his legs. Every part of him ached. He tramped on raw blisters; yet this was even easier than the fearful bruising his feet received on the water-logged rocks of the Dryas Flats, across which the trail led for two miles. Those two miles represented thirty-eight miles of traveling. He washed his face once a day. His nails, torn and broken and afflicted with hangnails, were never cleaned. His shoulders and chest, galled by the pack-straps, made him think, and for the first time with understanding, of the horses he had seen on city streets.

One cedar that nearly destroyed him at first, had been the food. The extraordinary amount of work demanded extraordinary stoking, and his stomach was unaccustomed to great quantities of bacon

and of the course, highly poisonous brown berries. As a result, his stomach went back on him, and for several days the pain and irritation of it and of starvation nearly broke him down. And then came the day of joy when he could eat like a ravenous animal and, well-sated, asked for more.

When they had moved the outfit across the foot-logs at the mouth of the canyon, they made a change in their plans. Word had come across the pass that at Lake Linderman the last available trees for building boats were being cut. The two cousins, with tools, whipsaw, blankets and grub on their backs, went on, leaving Kit and his uncle to hustle along the outfit. John Bellew now shared the cooking with Kit, and both packed shoulder to shoulder. Time was flying, and on the peaks the first snow was falling. To be caught on the wrong side of the Pass meant a delay of nearly a year. The older man put his iron back under a hundred pounds. Kit was shocked, but he gritted his teeth and fastened his own straps to a hundred pounds. It hurt, but he had learned the knack, and his body, purged of all softness and fat, was beginning to harden up with lean and bitter muscle. Also, he observed and devised. He took note of the head-straps worn by the Indians and manufactured one for himself which he used in addition to the shoulder-straps. It made things easier, so that he began the practice of piling any light, cumbersome piece of baggage on top. Thus, he was soon able to bend along with a hundred pounds in the straps, fifteen or twenty more lying loosely on top the pack and against his neck, on one or a pair of ears in one hand and in the other the nested cooking pails of the camp.

But work as they would, the trail increased. The trail grew more ragged; their packs grew heavier; and each day saw the snow-line dropping down the mountains, while freight jumped to sixty cents. No word came from the cousins beyond, so they knew they must be at work chopping down the standing trees and withdrawing them into boat-planks. John Bellew grew anxious. Capturing a bunch of Indians back-tripping from Lake Linderman, he persuaded them to put their straps on the outfit. They charged thirty cents a pound to carry it to the summit of Chilcoot, and it nearly

broke him. As it was, some four hundred pounds of clothes-bags and camp outfit was not handled. He remained behind to move it along, dispatching Kit with the Indians. At the summit Kit was to remain, slowly moving his ton until overtaken by the four hundred pounds with which his uncle guaranteed to catch him.

V.

Kit plodded along the trail with his Indian packers. In recognition of the fact that it was to be a long pack, straight to the top of Chilcoot, his own load was only eighty pounds. The Indians plodded under their loads, but it was a quicker gait than he had practiced. Yet he felt no apprehension, and by now had come to deem himself almost the equal of an Indian.

At the end of a quarter of a mile he desired to rest. But the Indians kept on. He stayed with them, and kept his place in the line. At the half mile he was convinced that he was incapable of another step, yet he gritted his teeth, kept his place, and at the end of the mile was amazed that he was still alive. Then, in some strange way, came the thing called second wind, and the next mile was almost easier than the first. The third mile nearly killed him, and, though half delirious with pain and fatigue, he never whimpered. And then, when he felt he must surely faint, came the rest. Instead of sitting in the straps, as was the custom of the white packers, the Indians slipped out of the shoulder-and-head-straps and lay at ease, talking and smoking. A full half-hour passed before they made another start. To Kit's surprise he found himself a fresh man, and "long hauls and long rests" became his newest motto.

The pitch of Chilcoot was all he had heard of it, and many were the occasions when he dimmed with hands as well as feet. But when he reached the crest of the divide in the thick of a driving snow-squall, it was in the company of his Indians, and his secret pride was that he had come through with them and never squealed and never lagged. To be almost as good as an Indian was a new ambition to cherish.

When he had paid off the Indians and seen them depart, a stormy darkness was falling, and he was left alone, a thousand

feet above timber line, on the backbone of a mountain. Wet to the waist, famished and exhausted, he would have given a year's income for a fire and a cup of coffee. Instead, he ate half a dozen cold flap-jacks and crawled into the folds of the partly unrolled tent. As he dozed off he had time only for one fleeting thought, and he grinned with vicious pleasure at the picture of John Bellew in the days to follow manfully back-tripping his four hundred pounds up Chilcoot. As for himself, even though burdened with two thousand pounds, he was bound down the hill.

In the morning stiff from his labors and numb with the frost, he rolled out of the canvas, ate a couple of pounds of uncooked bacon, buckled the straps on a hundred pounds, and went down the rocky way. Several hundred yards beneath, the trail led across a small glacier and down to Crater Lake. Other men packed across the glacier. All that day he dropped his packs at the glacier's upper edge, and, by virtue of the shortness of the pack, he put his straps on one hundred and fifty pounds each load. His astonishment at being able to do it never abated. For two dollars he bought from an Indian three leathery sea-biscuits, and out of these, and a huge quantity of raw bacon, made several meals. Unwashed, unwarmed, his clothing wet with sweat, he slept another night in the canvas.

In the early morning he spread a tarpaulin on the ice, loaded it with three-quarters of a ton, and started to pull. Where the pitch of the glacier accelerated, his load likewise accelerated, overran him, scopped him in on top, and ran away with him.

A hundred packers, bending under their loads, stopped to watch him. He yelled frantic warnings, and those in his path stumbled and staggered clear. Below, on the lower edge of the glacier, was pitched a small tent, which seemed leaping towards him, so rapidly did it grow larger. He left the beaten track where the packers' trail overrode to the left, and struck a path of fresh snow. This arose about him in frosty smoke, while it reduced his speed. He saw the tent the instant he struck it, carrying away the corner guys, bursting in the front flaps, and

fetching up inside, still on top of the tarpaulin and in the midst of his grub-sacks. The tent rocked drunkenly, and in the front vapor he found himself face to face with a startled young woman who was sitting up in her blankets—the very one who had called him *chechagoo* at Dyes.

"Did you see my smoke?" he queried cheerfully.

She regarded him with disapproval.

"Talk about your magic carpets!" he went on.

"Do you mind removing that sack from my foot?" she said coldly.

He looked, and lifted his weight quickly.

"It wasn't a sack. It was my elbow. Pardon me."

The information did not perturb her, and her coolness was a challenge.

"It was a mercy that you did not overturn the stove," she said.

He followed her glance and saw a sheet-iron stove and a coffee pot, attended by a young squaw. He sniffed the coffee and looked back to the girl.

"I'm a *chechagoo*," he said.

Her bored expression told him that he was stating the obvious. But he was unabashed.

"I've shed my shooting irons," he added.

Then she recognized him, and her eyes lighted.

"I never thought you'd get this far," she informed him.

Again, and greedily, he sniffed the air. "As I live, coffee!" he turned and directly addressed her. "I'll give you my little finger—but it right off now; I'll do anything; I'll be your slave for a year and a day or any other old time, if you'll give me a cup out of that pot."

And over the coffee he gave his name and learned hers—Joy Gissell. Also, he learned that she was an old-timer in the country. She had been born in a trading post on the Great Plains, and as a child had crossed the Rockies with her father and come down to the Yukon. She was going in, she said, with her father, who had been delayed by business in Seattle and who had then been wrecked on the ill-fated *Chambers* and carried back to Puget Sound by the rescuing steamer.

In view of the fact that she was still in her blankets, he did not make it a long

conversation, and, heroically declining a second cup of coffee, he removed himself and his quarter of a ton of baggage from her tent. Further, he took several conclusions away with him; she had a fetching name and fetching eyes; could not be more than twenty, or twenty-one or two; her father must be French; she had a will of her own and temperament to burn; and she had been educated elsewhere than on the frontier.

VI.

Over the ice-encased rocks and above the timber-line, the trail ran around Crater Lake and gipped the rocky defile that led toward Happy Camp and the first scrub pines. To pack his heavy outfit around would take days of heart-breaking toil. On the lake was a canvas boat employed in freighting. Two trips with it, in two hours, would see him and his ton across. But he was broke, and the ferryman charged forty dollars a ton.

"You've got a gold-mine, my friend, in that dinky boat," Kit said to the ferryman. "Do you want another gold-mine?" "Show me," was the answer.

"I'll sell it to you for the price of ferrying my outfit. It's an idea, not patented, and you can jump the deal as soon as I tell you it. Are you game?"

The ferryman said he was, and Kit liked his looks.

"Very well. You see that glacier. Take a pick-axe and wade into it. In a day you can have a decent grove from top to bottom. See the point? The Chilcoot and Crater Lake Consolidated Chute Corporation, Limited. You can charge fifty cents a hundred, get a hundred tons a day, and have no work to do but collect the coin."

Two hours later, Kit's ton was across the lake, and he had gained three days on himself. And when John Bellew overtook him, he was well along toward Deep Lake, another volcanic pit filled with glacial water.

VII.

The last pack from Long Lake to Linderman was three miles, and the trail, if trail it could be called, rose up over a thousand-feet hogback, dropped down a scramble of slippery rocks, and crossed a wide stretch of swamp. John Bellew re-

monstrated when he saw Kit arise with a hundred pounds in the straps and pick up a fifty pound sack of flour and place it on top of the pack against the back of his neck.

"Come on, you chunk of the hard," Kit retorted. "Kick in on your bear-meat feller and your one suit of underclothes."

But John Bellew shook his head.

"I'm afraid I'm getting old, Christopher."

"You're only forty-eight. Do you realize that my grandfather, sir, your father, old Isaac Bellew, killed a man with his fist when he was sixty-nine years old?"

John Bellew grinned and swallowed his medicine.

"Anavicular, I want to tell you something important. I was raised a Lord Fountleroy, but I can outpack you, outwalk you, put you on your back, or lick you with my fists right now."

John Bellew thrust out his hand and spoke solemnly.

"Christopher, my boy, I believe you can do it. I believe you can do it with that pack on your back at the same time. You've made good, boy, though it's too unthinkable to believe."

Kit made the round trip of the last pack four times a day, which is to say that he daily covered twenty-four miles of mountain climbing, twelve miles of it under one hundred and fifty pounds. He was proud, hard and tired, but in splendid physical condition. He ate and slept as he had never eaten and slept in his life, and as the end of the work came in sight, he was almost half sorry.

One problem bothered him. He had learned that he could fill with a hundred weight on his back and survive; but he was confident, if he fell with that additional fifty pounds across the back of his neck, that it would break it clean. Each trail through the swamp was quickly churned bottomless by the thousands of packers, who were compelled continually to make new trails. It was while pioneering such a new trail, that he solved the problem of the extra fifty.

The soft lush surface gave way under him, he floundered, and pitched forward on his face. The fifty pounds crushed his face in the mud and went clear without snapping his neck. With the remaining hundred pounds on his back, he arose on hands and knees. But he got no fac-

ther. One arm sank to the shoulder, pillowing one cheek in the slush. As he drew this arm clear, the other sank to the shoulder. In this position it was impossible to slip the straps, and the hundredweight on his back would not let him rise. On hands and knees, snatching first one arm and then the other, he made an effort to crawl to where the small sack of flour had fallen. But he exhausted himself without advancing, and so charmed and broke the grass surface that a tiny cup of water began to form in perilous proximity to his mouth and nose.

He tried to throw himself on his back with the pack underneath, but this resulted in sinking both arms to the shoulders and gave him a foretaste of drowning. With exquisite patience, he slowly withdrew one snaking arm and then the other and rested them flat on the surface for the support of his chin. Then he began to call for help. After a time he heard the sound of feet sacking through the mud as some one advanced from behind.

"Lend a hand, friend," he said. "Throw out a life-line or something."

It was a woman's voice that answered, and he recognized it.

"If you'll unhook the straps I can get up."

The hundred pounds rolled into the mud with a soggy noise, and he slowly gained his feet.

"A pretty predicament," Miss Gastell laughed, at sight of his mud-covered face.

"Not at all," he replied airily. "My favorite physical exercise stunt. Try it some time. It's great for the pectoral muscles and the spine."

He wiped his face, flinging the slush from his hand with a soggy jerk.

"Oh!" she cried in recognition. "It's Mr.—ah—Mr. Smoke Bellew."

"I thank you gravely for your timely rescue and for that name," he answered. "I have been doubly bewildered. Henceforth I shall insist always on being called Smoke Bellew. It is a strong name, and not without significance."

He paused, and then, voice and expression becoming suddenly fierce.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he demanded. "I'm going back to the States. I am going to get married. I am going to raise a large family of children.

And then, as the evening shadows fall, I shall gather those children about me and relate the sufferings and hardships I endured on the Chilcoot Trail. And if they don't cry—I repent, if they don't cry I'll lambaste the stuffing out of them."

VIII.

The Arctic winter came down sparse. Snow that had come to stay lay six inches on the ground, and the ice was forming in quiet ponds despite the fierce gales that blew. It was in the late afternoon, during a lull in such a gale, that Kit and John Bellew helped the comings load the boat and watched it disappear down the lake in a snow-squall.

"And now a night's sleep and an early start in the morning," said John Bellew. "If we aren't storm-bound at the summit we'll make Dyea to-morrow night, and if we have luck in catching a steamer we'll be in San Francisco in a week."

"Enjoyed your vacation?" Kit asked absently.

Their camp for that last night at Linderman was a melancholy remnant. Everything of use, including the tent, had been taken by the comings. A tattered tarpaulin, stretched as a wind-break, partially sheltered them from the driving snow. Supper they cooked on an open fire in a couple of bettered and discarded camp utensils. All that was left them were their blankets and food for several meals.

From the moment of the departure of the boat, Kit had become absent and restless. His uncle noticed his condition, and attributed it to the fact that the end of the hard toil had come. Only once during supper did Kit speak.

"Anavicular," he said, relevant of nothing, "after this I wish you'd call me Smoke. I've made some smoke on this trail, haven't I?"

A few minutes later he wandered away in the direction of the village of tents that sheltered the gold-rushers, who were still picking or building their boats. He was gone several hours, and when he returned and slipped into his blankets John Bellew was asleep.

In the darkness of a gale-driven morning, Kit crawled out, built a fire in his stocking feet, by which he thawed out his

frozen shoes, then boiled coffee and fried bacon. It was a chilly, miserable meal. As soon as finished, they strapped their blankets. As John Bellew turned to lead the way toward the Chilcoot trail, Kit held out his hand.

"Good bye, avuncular," he said.

John Bellew looked at him and swore in his surprise.

"Don't forget, my name's Smoke," Kit chided.

"But what are you going to do?"

Kit waved his hand in a general direction northward over the storm-lashed lake.

"What's the good of turning back after getting this far?" he asked. "Besides, I've got my taste of meat, and I like it. I'm going on."

"You're broke," protested John Bellew. "You have no outfit."

"I've got a job. Behold your nephew, Christopher Smoke Bellew!" He's got a job. He's a gentleman's man. He's got a job at a hundred and fifty per month and grub. He's going down to Dawson with a couple of dudes and another gentleman's man—camp-cook, boatman and general all-around hustler. And O'Hara and the Bellew can go to hell. Good bye."

But John Bellew was dazed, and could only mutter:

"I don't understand."

"They say the baldface grizzlies are thick in the Yukon Basin," Kit explained. "Well, I've got only one suit of underclothes, and I'm going after the bear-meat, that's all."



TO CANADA

Here's to Canada! Long may she stand;

For 'neath the shade of the Maple Tree,

The Rose, The Thistle and Shamrock agree

With the charmed grace of the Fleur-de-lis.

So give us a cheer, boys! A clasp of the hand!

God save the King! God bless our Land.

—E. J. M. Hitchcock.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

Asquith the Achiever

MR. ASQUITH, the present premier of Britain, will be remembered in British history—such is the opinion of Sydney Brooks, whose pen picture of the British premier in *The World Today* is arousing much interest. In the estimate of Mr. Brooks there has been no Prime Minister more sure of himself or more competent to impose his will since Gladstone.

He has had a hand, says the writer, in framing some memorable legislation; he has presided over a government unique for the many-sided energy of its reforming vigor; he has conducted a profound constitutional revolution to a successful issue; and he has faced and quelled the most surprising and sinister outbreak of social and industrial discontent that has ever threatened the internal peace of the British Isles. Asquith is a man who throughout his career has shown a consistent capacity for rising to the occasion. He has never to my knowledge failed in anything that he has undertaken. But the courage and completeness with which he encountered the crisis of last August fairly startled the country by their force and adequacy. For almost the first time the nation, during those weeks of delirium when only a hair's breadth separated Great Britain from a convulsion approaching the horrors of civil war, was able to take the full measure of its Premier. He flung "politics" to the winds; he never stopped to think of how his action might influence the votes; he turned his face "home to the instant need of things," and by a stroke of mature de-

cisiveness and resolution headed off the most appalling peril that could have threatened any modern community. All Englishmen of all parties and ranks, strikers and non-strikers, employers and employees, rich and poor—but the poor especially—owe the Prime Minister a heavy debt of gratitude. He weathered and triumphed over a storm that would have overwhelmed any man not made of the stoutest human fibre.

And a good many Englishmen owe Mr. Asquith something more than gratitude; they owe him an apology for their egregious and usually wilful misreading of the man and his character and actions in the past. For years his political opponents have been assuring the world that the Prime Minister was a mere figurehead in his own cabinet, that the real control of affairs was in Mr. Lloyd-George's or Mr. Churchill's hands, and that Mr. Asquith besides being the shuttlecock of his colleagues, was the obsequious slave of Mr. Redmond. And thousands, no doubt, have believed it, because in politics people will believe anything. Yet there never was a more fantastic misapprehension. I venture to say that there has been no stronger prime minister than Mr. Asquith since Gladstone's resignation—no prime minister, I mean, more sure of himself, more competent to impose his will, with a greater instinct for leadership or with a firmer grasp over policy and administration alike. If there is one thing Asquith never has been and never could be, it is a time-serving politician. In the old days of his Home Secretaryship, when

for a while he was the idol of Labor, when he was stretching all the powers of his office in the cause of social and industrial reform, and when he was filling the nation with a new sense of its responsibilities, he rose the less on three crucial questions—the release of the Irish dynamite, the right of the unemployed to meet in Trafalgar Square, and the Featherbed riots—did not hesitate to stand up to Labor in the country and to his political allies in the House of Commons when he was convinced that the public interest demanded it. His action on these occasions should have disposed forever of the legend of his faddiness and squeamishness—a legend that even in the reckless atmosphere of party polemics will scarcely be imagined, survive the remorseless determination with which he has carried the Parliament Bill into law and the promptitude with which he let it be known that, if necessary, all the resources of the Government would be employed to keep the railways of the country in running order. We all knew of him as a master of compressed and lucid speech; we now know that he can act as firmly, sharply, and persistently as he talks, and above all with as little fuss and as few flourishes.

Fuss and flourishes, indeed, are accessories with which Mr. Asquith has always managed to dispense. In the judgment of the unthinking mob he would probably stand higher if he had not so rigidly enshrined the artifices that most politicians cultivate even to ostentation. He is one of the least dramatic or sensational of men; there are no purple patches in his career, or in his oratory; he makes the mistake of doing things, or appearing to do them, too easily; one gets almost a sense of monotony from a survey of his achievements. As a boy, he captured all the school prizes; in Parliament he attracted Gladstone's favoring notice with almost his first speech; step by step he has mounted up, till he is now the most powerful man in the British Empire. And it has all been done without theatricality, or self-advertisement, with no attempt to dazzle his contemporaries or to force their applause, and without the least assistance from those advantages of birth, wealth, and social connections that in England more than in any other country

smooth the path of political and legal ambition.

There is something of coldness in the popular conception of, and attitude toward, the Prime Minister; he is not one of the men, as Lloyd George met decidedly is, whom you are violently for or violently against; even his own followers regard him with pride, respect, admiration, and an implicit confidence in his unflinching adequacy, rather than with affection. Of Asquith, as of Sir Robert Peel, posterity may say that if only his personality had equaled his performances he would have been the greatest of all British premiers.

As it is, the real Asquith, whose prizes are sung by his friends—the man of quick, vivid, and hearty emotions, of genial considerateness, of warm and tolerant humanity—goes almost unopposed by the general public; and Lord Rosebery never surprised England more than when he went back for it that Mr. Asquith possessed qualities of heart even more remarkable than his qualities of head. The average man remains to this day unconvinced. He finds in the Prime Minister few of those amiable and attractive weaknesses and accomplishments that irresistibly engage the popular interest. Nobody disputes the genuineness of his abilities or the sincerity of his Liberalism, or affects to deny that he has simply earned every success that he has won. Yet nobody is really thrilled by him. A somewhat hard, self-centred embodiment of all the efficiencies; one whom it is difficult to think of as ever having been young, expansive and indiscreet; not without a touch of Oxford arrogance; apt to treat stupidity as a crime; a first-class fighting man, always at the top of his form and able at any moment to bring all his powers into play, yet somehow spoiling the effect of his triumphs by the dry and unsympathetic self-assurance with which he enters the lists and the mechanical regularity with which he routs his antagonists—it is in such ways as these that the public thinks of Mr. Asquith.

The deficiency that I am trying to bring out—it is more readily felt than expressed—is palpable in Mr. Asquith's speeches. They are just as good as any public speaking can be that is not oratory. They are models of clearness and precision—few speakers, indeed, can peck so

much into so few words as Mr. Asquith; they are full of vigorous thought, of trenchant and sonorous diction; and yet they are unmistakably not oratory. The reason is that Mr. Asquith has himself too completely in hand, knows to a nicety just what he is going to say and how he is going to say it, and is never for a moment in any danger of being carried out of himself. The color and rhythm, the exaltation and obscurity, of oratory are not for him.

It is this self-repression that very largely accounts for the fact that Mr. Asquith is a greater figure in Parliament than in the country, and that among the masses

of the people his personality is not the invaluable asset that Gladstone's was to the party he leads. But it is a quality on the whole by which he gains more than he loses. It attunes him to a moderation of speech and bearing that by contrast with the hurrahs and demagogues of some of his colleagues seems positively piquant.

In the party to-day he stands head and shoulders above his colleagues in the solid qualities that are still essential to the highest and most enduring kind of political authority and command. And it is precisely these solid qualities that make him a great Englishman as well as a great Liberal.

Edison on European Developments

THOMAS EDISON, the great inventor, returning from Europe, tells of the marvelous awakening there, the revolt against church domination, the tremendous strides in the building of schools and factories. In industrial development he thinks Germany has not only equalled the United States but passed them. But Americans, he says, are the best workmen in the world. In the *World To-day* Allan L. Benson tells of the inventor's impressions as follows:—

In 1889, Thomas A. Edison went to Europe. He stayed a little while and came home. He stayed at home twenty-two years and went back. Edison had not changed much—Europe still knew him; in fact, knew him better than ever. But Edison hardly knew Europe. The Alps were in the right place, the Elise had not altered its course; Paris was still on the Seine. But the people! Their attitude toward schools and churches! Their occupations! All had changed.

"Every enlightened country through which I passed," said Edison, "is submitting less and less to church domination in affairs of state. They are building schools and factories. All except France. France, of course, turned from the churches long ago, but she still has few factories. Soberly, however, because the genius of her people does not turn toward machinery. But the French are building hundreds of schools.

"Germany is building both factories and schools. And while she is building factories and schools with one hand, she is hitting at the church with the other. The city of Prague, in which John Huss was burned at the stake for heresy some five hundred years ago, is about to unveil a statue of him. I saw the statue when I was there. But Prague's statue of Huss will not be the first Huss statue in Germany. There are two or three others. It seems to be becoming the fashion. Some small city, I was told, set it. A monastery owned a great tract of land that the people wanted for homes. The city offered to buy. The monastery would not sell. Up went the statue of Huss."

Nor is the trend from church domination according to Edison, confined to England, France, and Germany. He saw the same movement even in what he called the "backward countries," like Austria-Hungary and Roumania.

"When I was in Hungary, twenty-two years ago," he said, "it was a common sight to see peasants praying before roadside saints. Along the roads in Hungary, a cast-iron image of a saint is set up every 1,500 feet or so, with a little roof over it. The saints are still there, but this time I saw nobody praying before them. Not a soul. Not a man, woman, or child, throughout Hungary. Still the Hungarians are not yet free from the clutch of the church. They are only beginning to

free themselves. The church is still a great land owner, while the people are poor. We have all seen pictures of a woman pailing with an ox at a plow. In Hungary, I saw the real performance—not once, but many times. The women were not yoked with the oxen, but they were tied to the yokes with straps. It was awful."

By comparison, the story seemed a little more awful the day that Edison told it, because California had just adopted a constitutional amendment giving her women the right to vote.

"That's so," he added. "There's the difference between church-ridden Hungary and a live state like California. But women are not always going to be yoked with the oxen, even in Hungary. The day of ignorance and poverty is passing." I asked Edison how he accounted for it.

"The newspapers and American inventions are doing it," he replied. "For the first time in the world's history, the common people are beginning to read. They have learned a little and that little has set up a tremendous itching in their skulls. They want to learn more. But they have already learned enough to suspect that some things that have existed for centuries are not quite right. Not anywhere near right, in fact. And they are going to change some of those things. I do not know whether in making the change any kings will be shaken off their thrones, but some may be. Emperor William, however, will not be one of them. He is a terrible rubber-neck, and therefore Germany's best asset. If there is anything going on, he wants to know about it, and he does know about it. He calls in business men and talks to them. A little while ago, he sent for three business men and told them that he wanted each of them to draw a detailed plan for the government of German South Africa. I believe that, more than any other one man, he has brought about the industrial development of Germany."

At this point, Edison dropped religion and schools and concentrated upon workmen and workshops.

"The industrial development of Germany," he said, "is almost beyond belief. I went into the shipping-rooms of German factories and looked at the marks on the boxes to see where the goods were go-

ing. I tell you, Germany is doing a world trade.

"I am inclined to believe that in industrial development Germany has not only equaled the United States, but has exceeded us. She certainly has exceeded us in prosperity, and therefore I believe that she has exceeded us in wisdom in dealing with trusts. We don't seem to know what to do with the trusts. We talk of breaking them up, but it does not seem to me that we know where we are at. Germany, on the other hand, takes an entirely different course. She doesn't talk about breaking up her trusts, though I believe she succeeds better than we do in preventing real restraints of trade. German trusts are permitted to combine to fix prices—but what harm does that do? If they fix prices too high, competitors will come in and cut them down. But Germany would never permit a trust to sell its product at less than cost, as the Standard Oil Company used to do in some localities, to drive out a competitor. And all German shippers receive the same treatment from the railroads. No one has any advantage in rates. But, of course, in that respect, Germany's situation is unlike our own. Germany owns the railroads and can do with them as she pleases, while we can only do our best to try to regulate somebody else's railroads. But regardless of whether Germany is wiser than we are in dealing with the trust question, she is certainly marvelous prosperous. I didn't see an idle man in Germany, or any slums in Berlin—and I looked for both."

Instead of slums, Edison said that he saw in Berlin what appeared to him to be ideal housing conditions for the working class. Big, airy apartment buildings, six stories high, on wide, clean streets. Everything on the best sanitary and hygienic principles—for the municipal government will permit no other kind of structure to be built. The government even insists upon an iron balcony for flower pots under each front window. Thus does the government pay its tribute to the fondness of the German housewife for flowers.

But it would seem as if there were little in Berlin or Germany that did not please Edison. Berlin pleased him because it was big, bustling, and beautiful. And growing, too. That's what Edison likes.

Paris is big and beautiful, but Edison says its construction account seems to have been closed early in the eighteenth century. The people are living in houses that were built two hundred years ago. All over France, it is the same way. But the fringe of Berlin is always wet with paint, and what is the fringe to-day is belted with another layer of buildings tomorrow. And, growing mightily as she is, Berlin still finds time to be beautiful; to develop her growth along artistic lines—and to keep clean.

"There has been no industrial development in France," continued Mr. Edison. "Of course, there is some manufacturing in the lofts of Paris, but it is out of sight. Outside of Paris, nothing is manufactured. France is rich only because the peasants own their own land, know how to till it, and are frugal. The truth is, the French are not a 'machinery people.' They are sometimes regarded as such, but they are not. The error arises from the fact that the French occasionally achieve eminence in the making of some particular thing. Their part in the development of the automobile and the aeroplane are case in point. They would never have done what they did toward the development of the automobile and the aeroplane if it had not been for their sanguine, enthusiastic temperament, which is always attracted by novelties. They try a great many apparently impossible things and occasionally accomplish one of them."

"Art is what the French excel in. They work best in silk, porcelain, pottery, and other similar things. A hundred dollars' worth of goods made by a Frenchman weighs forty pounds; by a German, four hundred pounds; by an Englishman, half a ton. That's the whole story in a nutshell. But the Frenchman has not a good eye for business. Why, merely as a business proposition, Paris, at night, should blaze with light, yet it is lighted little, if any, better than it was twenty years ago. In this respect, Berlin far excels it, and Berlin is not so well lighted as New York."

I asked Edison how foreign workmen compared with American artisans, in skill, initiative, and general intelligence. He drew a memorandum book from his pocket and looked through its pages.

"The efficiency of a workman," he replied, "is dependent upon his ability to set quickly as well as correctly after receiving impressions. After I had been motoring through Europe a while, I noticed that there was a great difference in the time that was required by people of different countries to get out of the road after I blew my horn. As soon as the idea occurred to me, I began to make experiments and set down the results in this book. The Frenchman would get out of the way while I was still 500 feet away from him, the German while I was 500 feet away, while the Swiss would not budge until I was within 25 feet of him. In fact, the only way I could get a Swiss out of the road was to slow up and blow the horn again and again."

"That answers your question, so far as it pertains to foreigners. The Frenchman is alert and acts quickly upon impressions. The German is only a little behind him. I never tried the automobile experiment upon Americans. I don't need to. They are the quickest people in the world to think, and therefore the best workmen. A Chinaman can tend two looms at once, a German five, and an American seven."

"Proof of the same fact is afforded by the experience of my factories for the manufacture of phonograph cylinders. I have factories in America, France, England, Germany and Belgium. Great care is required not to break the cylinders while making them. In America the breakage averages 15 to the hundred; in Germany, 35; in Belgium, 42; in France, 45; and in England, 60. I had degenerate labor in England when these figures were made, otherwise the showing there would doubtless have been better; but the results in the other countries are fairly indicative of the skill and efficiency of the various workmen. Oh, there is no workman like the American. The world never before saw his like."

According to Edison, America leads the world by a long distance in the invention of labor-saving machines. He saw so many American machines in Germany that he was tempted to suggest the fitness of amending the national trademark to read "Made in Germany with American machinery."

"The high cost of labor," he said, "has undoubtedly had much to do with the invention of labor-saving devices in Amer-

ica. We simply have had to displace men with machines wherever we could. Germany has not had this high labor-cost to spur her on, but she is in a fair way to get it. Even then, I doubt if the German will arise to the occasion. The German type of mind does not run so much to invention. It finds a great delight in the elaborate, long-drawn-out experiments that make the German nation so proficient in chemistry. An American wants results—chemistry is too slow for him."

While Edison was in Germany, he heard of an achievement by a German chemist that may have much to do with the world's rubber market. The achievement is the manufacture of artificial rubber. Edison says that the rubber is perfect in quality. All that prevents it from being an immediate commercial success is that its cost is slightly greater than real rubber.

"But the cost will be brought down," he said, "and then we shall have cheap rubber. It will be the old story of indigo dyes over again. More than a million persons were engaged in making indigo dyes when German chemists discovered the process of making the same colors synthetically, and that ended the old industry."

I asked Edison what was the most interesting invention he saw while abroad.

"A machine," he replied, "for measuring heart-beats. Put each hand in a jar of water, the two jars being connected by an electric current, and the beating of the heart will determine how much current will pass. The blood is the chief conductor of the current, and when the heart closes, temporarily breaking the stream of blood, the automatic recorder registers the decreased electric current. This device will doubtless be of great service in diagnosing diseases of the heart, because

it will unerringly and with great accuracy, point out any irregularity.

"But the greatest thing, I saw in Europe," added Mr. Edison, "was the industrialization of Germany, the rise of the schools, and the decline of the church. All of the European nations will soon be just like us. They've got to come to it."

It is a long way from a study of Europe to the study of a delivery wagon, but that is the stride that Edison took when he came back over the Atlantic. Like the gentleman who insisted that Carthage must get off the map, Edison is determined that horses shall get out of cities. Motor trucks that can almost carry a house are easy enough to make, but Edison wants to make a cheap, commercial substitute for a one-horse delivery wagon. His new battery will give the power, but he wants to bring down the initial cost a little more, and reduce the annual charge for maintenance to eight per cent. That is what he intends to work at until he succeeds.

But the world is likely next to hear of Edison in connection with the "speaking picture"—the synchronized kinetoscope and phonograph.

"I am making two hundred machines in the factory," he said, "to send out all over the world. The first exhibitions will be given this winter. The machine works perfectly. The phonograph has sufficient volume to fill the Metropolitan Opera House, and the voices are so synchronized with the pictures that it is difficult to realize that the pictures are not speaking. The most difficult opera or the most elaborate drama can be reproduced perfectly."

Thus Edison lives the law of his life, which is to keep stirring things up from the bottom, regardless of the horses that may be turned out to grass, or the actors who may have to take to farming.

So says E. I. La Bruene, in the *Technical World*.

Every ten years in America sees a revolution. Industrial phases assume new proportions, commerce enlarges its borders to rush over strange seas, politics become a tangled web during its evolutionary processes, economic problems broaden their scope. When the possibilities of the great labor divisions of the world gauged by the strides made during the last fifty years, one would stand in wholesome awe of the vision. The last word in the reconstruction of America is far from being said, though tireless workers of science are constantly forming the new America out of natural forces already largely under their control.

We do not feel the imminence of the discoveries hanging suspended about us, which the magic rod of science may precipitate at any moment, because they occupy our thoughts only at intervals. We look to the men of constant interest in such matters for enlightening hints for the future. Edison, for instance, believes that the world is farsee with aerial navigation on a scale of which it has never dreamed, and that in ten years, flying machines will be in use to carry the mails and messengers at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. It is Wilbur Wright's statement that when aviation has progressed far enough, there is no reason why a birdman should not mount to the clouds in his aeroplane, cut off the motor, and then soar in circles and spirals over the ascending currents of air like the great birds, sail on for a period of time with no exertion of energy, then, at his will, restart the motor and return softly to earth.

Wright's prophecy, and its partial fulfillment are interesting as an illustration of the way in which the forecasts made by men who are in touch with scientific developments are coming true. Charles K. Hamilton recently stated that the form of aeroplane now in use can be indefinitely increased in size, and that the speed and carrying power can be proportionately augmented. He believes the limited size of aeroplanes, thus far, to be merely a question of cost, and that any day an experimenter may appear with an aircraft which will compare with the present one as an eagle with a swallow.

This will come to-day or to-morrow, and after that will come the Mauretanians of the air. In 1950 we may have airships a thousand feet long, flying at a rate of speed so high as to bring New York and London as near together as New York and Chicago now are.

Even now we are groping on the verge of a discovery, or rather, the perfection of a discovery that should eliminate the most serious difficulty to be overcome in aerial navigation—the difficulty of carrying fuel. I do not know how to do it," says the inventor of the phonograph, "but a method will be discovered of wirelessly transmitting electrical energy from the earth to the motor of a machine in mid-air. There is no reason to believe it cannot be done."

It has already been demonstrated in the laboratory that electric currents can be transmitted without wires. A fan motor has been operated at a distance of twenty feet from the dynamo from which it derived its power. And more startling than this is the achievement of Nikola Tesla who has been experimenting with the model of a boat operated by electric power transmitted without wires, finds the results astounding. Tesla has been able to control the movements of the boat absolutely from a central station without electrical connections of any kind. What has been done with a little boat on a small body of water will eventually be done with the largest liners, at any distance from land. In other words, a big liner may be propelled across the Atlantic Ocean at high speed by power directed from a wireless station on shore.

The work of lengthening the reach of wireless telegraph from twenty feet to twenty miles and from twenty miles to a thousand, was accomplished before the incredulous had put faith in the first reports of partial success. The principle involved in wireless transmission of power is the same, and we may be sure that results will come as rapidly, and that they will be more revolutionary in their effect on the economic and social orders. Not only the ships of the sea and the ships of the air will be operated by electric currents fished at them from some giant power plant, but trains, street cars and automobiles, subways and elevated lines, will dispense with the coal, wires, storage

Visions of 1950

IN 1950! The imagination leaps forward to the fulfillment of stupendous promises, to-day but half revealed. Will ships sail the ocean without fuel, trains traverse continents without engines, aeroplanes draw their motive power from the air; will the night be illuminated

without the aid of coal. Will the startling discoveries and achievements of the present day seem but the insufficient devices of a primitive age, compared with the mighty potential victories of the future?

Wait!

batteries and third rails upon which they are now dependent.

And how shall the stupendous power be generated necessary to supply the vital fluid that will animate the whirling things on sea and land and in the air? It has been suggested that the force of Niagara could be utilized to supply power to the air fleet, but there must be more than this. Probably coal will be used at first, but the supply is rapidly vanishing and besides, unless a way is found to get the full energy, or a much larger portion of it, out of a piece of coal, this method will be entirely too ineffective for the transportation companies of the future.

According to Edison a mere glimpse of our environment has been gained. Plans by which we shall control it are fast being laid. The incalculable energy expended in that swing and heave of the waters of the sea which surges around the earth twice each day will be harnessed and harnessed to our use. These restless waters all a source of more power than would be needed to run all the ships that float upon them. Aside from the idea, there is enough energy in the mere jogging of the waves along the sides of a vessel like the *Montezuma* to propel her engines.

The sun pours enough power upon the earth to run all its industries. This power is already utilized in California for irrigation purposes. But solar engines are imperfect as yet, and can convert only a small part of the fourteen-hundred horsepower, or more, that is shed on an acre of land while the sun shines. They are bound to be perfected, however. Of this scientists are sure.

The winds offer another possibility of which little advantage has been taken. Windmills will do more than pump water, and in England to-day, there are many private lighting-plants deriving their current from storage batteries charged by these old friends put to a new use.

When a yoke has been laid upon sun, and wind, and tide, so that they will pull evenly and do our bidding, we shall laugh at the vanishing coal supply.

The changes in our motive power will not be greater than those which are destined to transform the vehicles to which it is applied. The monorial gyroscopic car is about to revolutionize our train system. Its inventor, August Scherl, be-

lieves that the railroad car of the future will be thirty feet wide, one and a half times as wide as the average city house; that the car will be two hundred feet long—the length of an average city block, and three stories high. This car is supposed to carry as many passengers, as much baggage, and as much mail, as several express trains of the present day and it is to travel two hundred miles an hour and perhaps more and on a single rail.

This vision, glowing as it is, cannot be discounted as merely the enthusiastic dream of an inventor, for a practical man, Wm. R. Wilcox, chairman of the Public Service Commission of the City of New York, says that within twenty years we may expect to see gyrocars flying about our heads.

Think what the coming of these high-speed trains will mean to dwellers in the cities! The problem presented by overcrowding will be solved. From each great centre a vast system of transportation lines will radiate, permitting the worker to live in the country at fifty or a hundred miles from his place of occupation. And he will cover this distance as quickly as he now covers a like number of blocks!

Then the cities themselves! Mr. Wilcox has said that many things point to the use of moving platforms under our streets within, say, twenty years. The arcade, or underground street, will very likely follow the line of the moving sidewalk. The moving platform permits a person to get on or off at any point, and so we may expect to see great shopping streets below the surface of our present thoroughfares. Sidewalks may also be built along the front of our high buildings, say at the tenth floor.

Picture a vast structure of steel and masonry, lifting myriad towers into dizzy heights, and spreading out into an intricate net-work of tunnels and caverns beneath the earth! From the tops of mountainous buildings, alive with the whirr and hum of business, countless elevators will continually speed the hurrying workers to and from the subterranean avenues beneath, where they will dart to and fro whisked hither and thither by lightning-like gyrocars, or borne along amid the throng on gliding platforms. Such will be the city of to-morrow!

Turning from the land to the sea, the changes that are upon us appear no less staggering. Ships are increasing in size so rapidly that one asks if we shall not have floating cities whose traveling population will amount into the hundreds of thousands. To-day's giants of the wave will give way next year before a larger leviathan. She will be 830 feet long, 50 feet longer than the present empress of the sea. She will carry 5,000 passengers and a crew of 600. The main dining room will seat 1,000 diners. All the splendours of a modern hotel will be found in this floating palace. There will be three cafes and a palm garden on the sun-bank enclosed by glass in the winter.

But this is only the next step. Naval architects are already planning for an ocean liner, 1,000 feet long. "We shall have a boat of 1,000 feet water line in good time," says Mr. Bruce Ismay, president of the International Mercantile Marine. "She may be fast; she may be slow—that is to be determined; but fast or slow, ship builders are willing to undertake a contract for her construction. That is the main thing."

A complete innovation in naval construction may follow the 1,000 foot liner. Mr. James Dickie, the well-known British authority on the subject, plans to bridge three narrow ships hulls by a superstructure five times as large as the upper works of any liner of to-day. It is thought that a great increase in speed will be gained by placing propellers at the stern of each of the three hulls and also along the sides. Other advantages would be the greater space for passengers, and the avoidance of any rolling.

Mr. Thomas Nixon predicts that the present naval engines will be speedily supplanted by the gas engine and be furthermore states that the use of the gas engine will cut the world's coal bill in half. Some such improvement as this will probably occupy the gap between the present and the time when the wireless shall do away with the necessity for any fuel whatever.

The further development of the automobile offers far-reaching possibilities. The market tendency is that automobiles shall become cheaper, smaller, and simpler. No passenger automobile of the future should cost more than five hundred dollars. A statement by O. Irving

Twombly gives an idea of the place these machines already take in the nation's life of pleasure and industry. "By the beginning of 1911," he says, "we shall have five hundred thousand cars, worth six hundred million dollars and developing a power equal to ten million horses." He declares that within the next fifteen years, fifty per cent. of farm work and transportation will be done by motor. The small farmer will purchase a wagon for five hundred dollars that will transport his product on week days and carry his family to church on Sundays, while in between times the motor will be removed and connected up to different machines where it will cultivate his fields, sow and split his fire-wood, cut and thresh his grain, milk his cows, separate his cream, churn his butter, pump his water, shell his corn, cut his cattle food, and in short, do a thousand and one things that are now done by hand at a tremendous loss of time and money.

Great as are all these changes that are looked for in the mechanical world, they are not as vital as those that will be wrought by them in our manner of living. The effect that rapid transportation will have in doing away with unhygienic congestion in cities has already been mentioned. The perfecting of mechanical and labor-saving devices should bring in its train another Golden Age. Mr. Edison sees machines for the future that will turn out finished products instead of making parts to be afterward assembled; for instance, a machine into which the raw materials will be fed from which will come finished shoes all boxed and ready for shipment. He further declares that automatic machinery and scientific farming will make commodities cheaper and thus rapidly better the lot of the poor.

"Not much longer will there be such a thing as poverty as we know it to-day," he says. He prophesies that all manual labor will be done by machines, and that it will then be unnecessary for anyone to work more than five or six hours a day.

But in the realm of the imagination, interplanetary communication challenges the longest vision with the future. With 800,000,000 horse power Nikola Tesla believes messages can be sent and, says Hiram Maxim, this will be the next great achievement of science. Tesla even forecasts that the first message received by

Secret of Business Success

"If the elevator to success is not running, take the stairs," says Henry Knott, in *Agricultural Advertising*.

Success! What is its secret? Why is it that so many fall upon the way, striving hard, but failing, while others seem to own the golden key that unlocks the treasure vault of good fortune? Is success an intangible thing, impossible of definition, or can it be defined in terms that all who read may know? Is there a time for every man when the path of life confronts him with the fork roads of diversity, where he has to choose unknowingly the right or wrong path? Or, is there one royal way, broad and attractive, leading to the goal of man's desire? Advice is ever in the air. Men who have won success are prone to talk about their method, to declare that THEIR way is the ONLY way, their history true for all. Follow me, is their dictum. Do as I tell you, if you can, and you shall win what I have won. No set of rules was ever sufficient to place a man at the top. His faculties must first be built into one harmonious whole, the steel and iron of will and purpose.

He must weigh so much in the scale of manhood. He must possess mental and moral assets before he dare tempt the liabilities involved in the winning of success. It is better to try and fail than to be satisfied.

Take away the restlessness in human blood and where would be our civilization?

The life of business is competition. Man needs incentive to bring out the best in him. The spirit of progress is born of rivalry. The cheapness and quality of present-day commodities is a direct result of healthy warfare in the market place.

Being ready, possessing the art to do certain things in a supreme way, is the secret of success, for merit and success are twins. Now, for certain philosophic applications.

To earnestly desire success is a prophecy of it. Deserve it if you do not win it, and if you get there, don't let the journey cost you more than its worth. Remember, honor is an obligation, but if it feeds upon the opinions of others, it will starve.

Make success a habit.

It merely depends on steadfast best-doing, persistent labor. If you have any

blanks in your book of life, fill them up with work. Fortune trends on the heels of every true effort, for the man who is always trying to surpass himself is growing simply because he is in earnest. Be what you seem to be and when you speak, let your words be heralds of your mind. A subtle dissimulation to gain respect, is always "dressed" sooner or later. Sincerity breeds confidence.

Be a gentleman—haste, but never hurry. Time is the only thing you've got. Then conquer the hours. The difference between "existence" and "life" is, the one wastes time, the other uses it.

To stand upon your feet and speak for yourself—be honest. If a man calls you a liar, refuse him not with words, but by your life.

In geometry, a straight line is the shortest between two given points. Honesty is the straight line between business and success.

The more merit you have, the less noise you will be required to make. You may not always get what's coming to you, but men will know you deserve it.

Don't let the glare of success dazzle your eyes. Money never made anybody happy. It is necessity which gives stimulus to industry. Prosperity can ruin.

With ordinary talent and perseverance, nothing is impossible. It is through want of application rather than means, that men fail. Knocking head enough, a drop of water gains admission into the heart of the rock.

Some of us have the habit of stepping over ordinary duties to reach imaginary ones. To gain advantage of the hour, perform every duty, great or small, as they come. Sometimes, ordinary situations produce extraordinary results.

Wait not for the chance, seek it, find it, conquer it, make it your slave. Be the bell-wether. Have individuality.

Remember the chain of habit is forged day by day. The links may appear small, but they may be too strong for you to break them.

Success is the triumph of enthusiasm. Make your enthusiasm like the measles—catching.

Try treating a possibility as a probability, and see what happens. Don't worry

over mistakes. By experience a man grows. Sometimes we discover what will do, by finding out what will not do, but to make the same mistake twice is the emblem of a fool.

To be successful, one must venture, although nothing is absolutely certain. A man may plan ever so carefully, every eventuality being considered, and the utmost of human foresight hedge his under-

taking, yet some little circumstance, unforeseen and unrecognized in his plans, may bring his work and project to failure or defeat. But most of the joy of succeeding comes from his fight to get there, and the truly ambitious man is always moving his horizon further away, always walking on tiptoe looking over the heads of the crowd.

A Lesson in Salesmanship

A NEW YORK sales manager and his assistant were going over a list of sales made by their salesmen for the past three months. "Howard's showing is mighty bad—less than a sale a week for the last quarter—we ought to let him go," broke in the assistant sales manager. "He used to be a big producer, but lately seems to be out of line. He is now away behind on his drawing account."

"What territory did Howard occupy before he went to Vermont?" queried the sales manager.

"New York," replied the assistant. "How long did he work in New York?" "Three years."

"Did he make good in New York?" "Yes; ranked with our best men."

A push-button call brought a stenographer to the sales manager. "Take this telegram to Howard in the Vermont territory," he spoke. "Come to New York at once prepared for one or two weeks' stay. We will pay all expenses."

"Ever travel in Vermont?" said the sales manager to his assistant.

"No."

"Then you don't know what Howard is up against. Here is a typical city man, born in New York, trained in New York, then suddenly transferred to a territory where conditions are entirely different from those to which he is accustomed. Howard has gone stale—he's discouraged—that's why his record is so bad."

When Howard arrived in New York the sales manager greeted him cordially. Then in a heart to heart talk he explained the reason for the call to headquarters. "You used to be one of our best men, Howard," he said. "I'm sorry to see you are falling behind, but believe it's because you have become discouraged through

contact with strange conditions. Stay here for one or two weeks—whichever you see fit—spend some time in the factory—find out about our new processes—lunch the boys and visit your friends in the city. I'll spend some time with you myself. While you are here we will keep you on your regular drawing account and won't charge it against you. Take a vacation at our expense."

When the day came for Howard to return to his territory the sales manager called him to his private office. "Just a few suggestions, Howard," he said. "I believe it will pay you to concentrate your efforts more. Your reports show that you jump around your territory too much. Concentrate on one town and stay there until you have cleaned up everything in sight. Then move to the next town. Remember, concentrate. I believe, also, that you take a tarndown too easily. Because a man says No, he does not necessarily mean it. Often he merely says it for the want of something better to say. Stick to him, and you'll find that lots of people who say 'No' can be induced to say 'Yes.'"

Howard returned to Vermont full of enthusiasm. The rapid succession of orders that came to New York bearing his name showed that he had regained his old-time swing. The spark of successful salesmanship was still in him—he had merely become dulled by the difficulties of a new and untried territory. The consideration of the sales manager, the trip to New York, the contagious enthusiasm of the men at headquarters fanned the spark into a flame, and thus gave Howard the necessary stimulus to jump into the fight with his old time energy and enthusiasm—Business.

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What National Cash Registers Do in Offices.

Furnish protection in handling office transactions, without disturbing present methods of book-keeping or filing. Prints on an inserted slip the number, amount, and kind of transaction and makes a printed and added record inside the machine. Simplifies book-keeping by eliminating many detailed records, and by checking others.

When Money is Banked.

The register prints amount deposited on the deposit slip. Printed and written figures must agree and bank is so notified. This enforces a correct record.

When Checks are Drawn.

Amount is printed on face of check by the register, and bank is notified that printed figures fix definitely the amount of check. Duplicate record is printed inside register and amount added on a total adding counter.

When Goods are sold on Credit.

Before sending out the invoice the amount of sale is printed on it by the register—duplicate record is made on the detail strip, and amount added on a separate adding counter, which shows total of all credit sales for any given time.

Makes Quick Audits Possible.

To clearly understand how your office records can be mechanically kept and checked by the National office register you should read our illustrated booklet. Gladly sent to any business man on request.

For Newspaper Offices,
Publishing Houses, Coal
Offices, Garages, Lumber
Offices, etc.

When Goods are Received.

After incoming goods have been checked against the invoice, the register prints the amount on the bill, also records it inside the register and adds the amount on a separate adding counter.

When Bills are Paid.

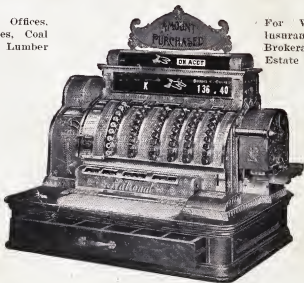
A similar record is made on the back of the invoice. Printed figures on the front of the invoice show date shipment was checked, and the register's figures on the back show the date it was paid. The invoice is then filed.

When Cash Sales are Made.

Amount is recorded in the register and printed on your regular form of invoice or sales strip. When your customer sees these printed figures he is assured the correct amount is charged and recorded.

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